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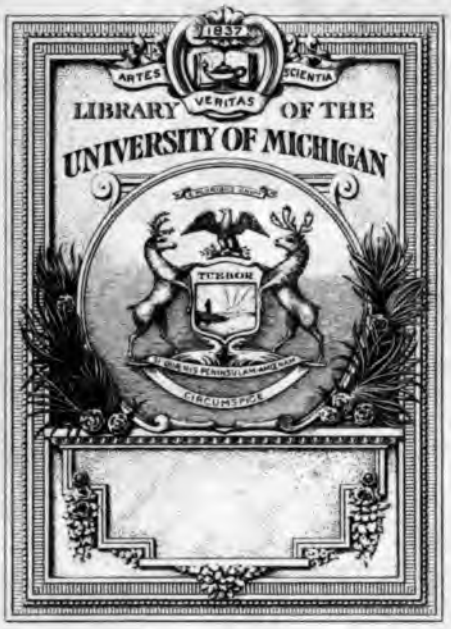
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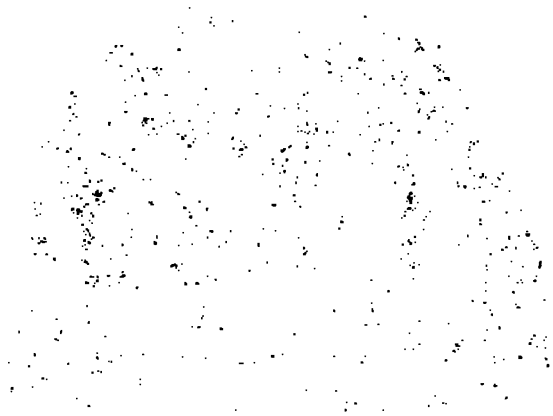

SECOND SERIES

# Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland

With Many Old and Familiar Melodies

Edited, with Notes,

By ROBERT FORD

ALEXANDER GARDNER

Publisher to Her Majesty the Queen

PAISLEY; and PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON

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# PREFACE.

THE Preface to the first series of this work might very well be allowed to stand as the Preface to the second also, were it not that some may see the one volume who have not seen the other, and that I feel it my duty to thank in this place the numerous correspondents all over the country who have helped so freely, albeit, now and again, at the cost of much personal trouble, to render the collection as representative and efficient as I hope my never unkind critics will acknowledge it to be. Here again, as in the preceding volume, issued exactly two years ago, will be found not less than half-a-hundred blads of lyric verse, which, though familiar in every country bothy, in every country cottage, and regularly sung at markets and fairs all over Scotland from thirty to sixty years ago, and learned in part many of them from hearsay by persons still "to the fore," have yet seldom appeared in print, but till now have been ignored by, or have escaped the vigilance of, the song-collectors. These Vagabond Pieces—poor as poetry often admittedly—I esteem of no small value. As a species of folk-lore, even the rudest of them are eminently deserving of rescue. Some

are dear to us as "sangs our mithers sang." All for one reason or another—but chiefly for the joy they have given to Scottish rural life—are particularly interesting. My long-cherished conviction that they were wanted in budget form—though I collected originally for my own satisfaction alone—was proved by the hearty reception accorded to the first volume, which was rapidly bought up. Many songs and ballads are here, to be sure, which in the strictest sense may not be claimed as vagabonds. Their character, nevertheless, has brought them into the same company; they have lived the vagabond life with the homeless and rapidly-disappearing wanderers for which it is our avowed object to provide permanent housing; and having been found with these, so they are maintained with them in boon companionship—some later pieces being added. All, with their appended notes—and here and there the original airs, not less vagabond than the songs themselves—it is hoped, will find ready and agreeable acceptance. Among the rarer ditties embraced (each with its original melody), will be found "The Bonnet o' Blue," "Bonnie Jeanie Cameron," "A Lassie Lives by yonder Burn," "Jean and Caledonia," "Brannan on the Moor," "The Heights of Alma," "The Gallant Hussar," "A-Begging we will Go," "When John's Ale was New," "The Jolly Ploughboy," "The Banks o' Claudy," and "The Feeing Time," not to mention others equally representative of the class which will be readily recognised as old time favourites.

Well, so much for that. Now, in a word, I thank the numerous correspondents—north, east, south, and west—for their esteemed assistance, by fishing out and sending at my request, copies of oral songs for comparison, each as he found them lingering in his district. Very specially I acknowledge my indebtedness to the late Mr. Craibe Angus, so well known in art circles in Glasgow and the West of Scotland, and to Mr. George Gray, the respected town-clerk of Rutherglen, who freely submitted for perusal, to aid in the work, each his very extensive and valuable collection of Scottish Song Chapbooks. To Mr. D. Kippen, Crieff, I am again under pleasing obligation for a number of the more characteristic and hitherto unrecorded melodies. Thanks are due, and gratefully tendered also, to Mr. George Taggart, Glasgow, for his painstaking and esteemed revision of some of the airs.

R. F.

Glasgow, 1900.

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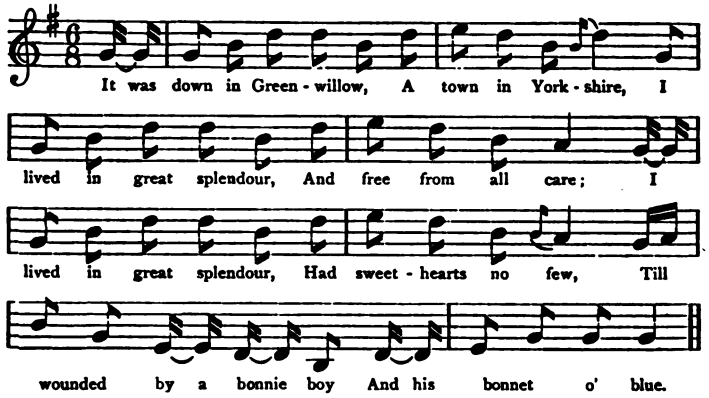
# VAGABOND SONGS AND BALLADS.

## THE BONNET O' BLUE.




It was down in Greenwillow, a town in Yorkshire,
I lived in great splendour, and free from all care;
I lived in great splendour, had sweethearts no few,
Till wounded by a bonnie boy and his bonnet o' blue.

There came a troop of soldiers, as you now shall hear,
From Scotland to Kingston, abroad for to steer:
There is one man amongst them I wish I ne'er knew,
He's a bonnie Scotch lad and his bonnet o' blue.

His cheeks are like roses, his eyes black as sloes,
He is handsome and proper, wherever he goes,
Likewise he's good-natured and comely to view,
And right well he becomes his fine bonnet o' blue.

It was early one morning I rose from my bed,
I called upon Sally, my own waiting-maid,
Saying, "Dress me as fine as your two hands can do,
And I'll go seek my lad and his bonnet o' blue."

So quickly she dressed me, as quickly I came,
To mingle with persons and hear my love's name,
Charlie Stuart they called him, I felt it was true,
Once a Prince of that name wore a bonnet o' blue.

When I came to the regiment, they were on parade,
I stood with great pleasure to hear what was said,
He's name's Charlie Stuart, I love him most true,
My bonnie young lad with his bonnet o' blue.

My love he marched by with his gun in his hand,
I strove to speak to him, but he would not stand;
I strove to speak to him, but away past he flew,
And away went my heart with his bonnet o' blue.

I said, "My dear jewel, I'll buy your discharge,
I'll free you from soldiering, and set you at large;
I'll free you from soldiering if your heart will prove true,
And I'll ne'er cast a stain on your bonnet o' blue."

He says, "My dear lassie, you'll buy my discharge,
You'll free me from soldiers and set me at large?
For your very kind offer I bow, ma'am, to you,
But I'll ne'er wear a stain on my bonnet o' blue.

"I have a sweet girl in my own country town
Who I ne'er will forsake, although poverty frown;
To the girl that I love I will always prove true,
And I'll ne'er put a stain on my bonnet o' blue.

I will send for a limner, from London to Hull,
I'll have my love's picture drawn out in the full,
And in my bed chamber I often will view
My bonnie Scotch lad and his bonnet o' blue.

The "blue bonnet," being a distinguishing badge of the Highlanders, and more particularly of those attached to the family of the Royal Stuarts, receives frequent celebration in Scottish song, but in no instance, where it is the main theme, with perhaps the single exception of "All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border," has it moved the hearts and charmed the sensibilities of the rural population of Scotland oftener than through the medium of the above unsophisticated ballad, which has been seldom printed, unless in the broadsheets commonly sold by hawkers at country fairs, etc., I have not met with a copy of it in any book, indeed, except in W. H. Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads and Songs;* and the version there printed, I am sure, is not so near to the form in which it was wont to be sung, and as I have, happily, been able to produce it. Perthshire people especially are familiar with "The Bonnet o' Blue," and our version of it, as a song much sung by a wandering character named Katie Craigie.

## THE WAGGIN' O' OUR DOG'S TAIL.

AIR—"*The Barrin' o' the Door.*"

WE ha'e a dog that wags his tail—
He's a bit o' a wag himsel', O!
A' day he wanders thro' the toun—
At nicht he's news to tell, O!

The waggin' o' our dog's tail, bow-wow!
The waggin' o' our dog's tail!

He saw the Provost o' the toon
Paraudin' down the street, O!
Quo' he, "My Lord, you're no like me—
Ye canna see yer feet, O!"

He saw a man grown unco poor,
And lookin' sad and sick, O!
Quo' he, "Cheer up, for ilka dog
Has aye a bane to pick, O!"

He saw a man wi' mony a smile,
Without a grain o' sowl, O!
Quo' he, "I've noticed mony a dog,
Could bite and never growl, O!"

He saw a man look gruff and cross,
Without a grain o' spite, O!
Quo' he, "He's like a hantle dogs,
Whase bark's waur than their bite, O!"

He saw an M.P. unco proud,
  Because o' power and pay, O!
Quo' he, "Your tail is cockit heich,
  But ilk' dog has his day, O!"

He saw some ministers fechtin' hard
  And a' frae a bit o' pride, O!
"It's a pity," quo' he, "when dogs fa' out
  About their ain fireside, O!"

He saw a man gaun staggering hame,
  His face baith black and blue, O!
Quo' he, "I think shame o' the stupid brute,
  For never a dog gets fou, O!"

He saw a man wi' a hairy face,
  Wi' beard and big moustache, O!
Quo' he, "We baith are touzie dogs,
  But ye ha'e claes and cash, O!"

He saw a crowd in a bonnie park,
  Where dogs were not allowed, O!
Quo' he, "The rats in Kirk and State,
  If we were there micht rue't, O?"

He saw a man that fleech'd a lord,
  And flatterin' lees did tell, O!
Quo' he, "A dog's ower proud for that,
  He'll only claw himsel', O!"

He saw a doctor drivin' aboot,
And ringin' every bell, O!
Quo' he, "I've been as sick's a dog,
But I could cure mysel', O!"

He heard a lad and leddy braw
Singin' a grand duet, O!
Quo' he, "I've heard a cat and dog
Could yowl as weel as that, O!"

He saw a youth gaun swaggerin' by
Frae tap to tae sae trim, O!
Quo' he, "It's no for a dog to lauch
That was ance a puppy like him, O!"

Our doggie he cam' hame at e'en,
And scartit baith his lugs, O!
Quo' he, "If fouk had only tails,
They'd be maist as gude as dogs, O!"

The waggin' o' our dog's tail, bow-wow!
The waggin' o' our dog's tail!

Here is a song which has been leading a lively vagabond life ever since it was ushered into being, more than forty years ago. As everybody well knows, it was written by the great and good Dr. Norman Macleod. There have been few great men who have not had a keen and lovable sense of humour, and Norman enjoyed the gift in its supreme essence. It ran, indeed, like a rich golden thread throughout the entire web of his ever active life, bubbling up in a flower-bud here, and a great bright blossom there, and beautifying and gladdening all and everything that came within the range of his influence. He was the very heart and soul of an evening party. Besides innumerable stories, pat and droll, he was ready on any occasion to favour his friends with a comic song of his own making—by preference this one, or "The Nose of Captain Fraser." It will

surprise people to know that these, and such-like sprightly verses, were mostly written when their author was enduring such violent pain that the night was spent in his study, and he had occasionally to bend over the back of a chair for relief. "'The Waggin' o' Our Dog's Tail,' in which are embodied the supposed reflections of his own dog, Skye, upon men and manners, was frequently sung by him in later years," says his biographer. "The earnest, meditative countenance and the quaint accentuation with which he rendered it, accompanied by a suggestive twirl of his thumb, to indicate the approving 'wag' of the tail, lent indescribable drollery to the words."

## O, WHAT A PARISH!

O, WHAT a parish, a terrible parish,
O, what a parish is that o' Dunkel'!
They hangit their minister, droon'd their precentor,
Dang doun the steeple, and fuddled the bell.

Though the steeple was doun, the Kirk was still staunin',
They biggit a lum whaur the bell used to hang;
A stell-pat they gat, and they brewed Hieland whisky,
On Sundays they drank it, and ranted and sang.

O, what a parish, etc.

O, had you but seen how gracefu' it lookit,
To see the cramm'd pews sae socially join;
Macdonald the piper stuck up in the poopit,
He made the pipes skirl out music divine.

O, what a parish, etc.

When the heart-cheerin' spirit had mounted the garret,
To a ball on the green they a' did adjourn;
Maids wi' their coats kilted, they steppit and liltit,
When tired they shook hands, and a' hame did return.

O, what a parish, etc.

Wad the kirks a' owre Britain haud sic social meetin's,
Nae warnin' they'd need from a far-tinklin' bell;
For true love and friendship wad ca' them thegither
Far better than roarin' o' horrors o' hell.

O, what a parish, etc.

More than the first stanza of the above, which long formed the entire bulk of this wild satire, is not generally familiar; but everyone at all versed in Scottish place-rhymes knows that well. The additional verses, Dr. Robert Chambers informs us, were made by Adam Crawford, a tailor in Edinburgh, who was the author of some other good songs. How the original frolic came to be inflicted has not been guessed at by any writer on Dunkeld; and there is no historical circumstance—no known tradition even—to justify it. Still, it is there, and it will cling, and may tempt another poet yet. Yea, it has tempted another besides the Edinburgh tailor already. In a small collection, entitled *The Comic Vocalist*, published by G. & J. Cameron, Glasgow, in 1851, I find a song which, opening with, and using the original stanza as a chorus, has these added verses:—

While the bodies drank beer, they'd curse and they'd swear,
They ranted and sang what they daurna weel tell;
'Bout Geordie and Chairlie they bothered fu' rarely,
But wi' whisky they're waur than the devil himsel'.

And let me advise, sin' mischief there lies,
Whan neebours are drinkin' wi' mae than themsel';
O'er your heart an' your hand aye keep the command,
Or you may be as bad as the folk o' Dunkel'.

Not Dunkeld, at all, however, but Kinkell, in Strathearn, I fancy, was the original "terrible parish." Here, in a far-away time, according to Mr. A. G.

Reid, author of *Annals of Auchterarder*,—and all within a brief space—the minister was actually hanged, the precentor was drowned in attempting to cross the Earn from the adjoining parish of Trinity Gask, the steeple was taken down, and the bell was sold to the parish of Cockpen, near Edinburgh. The misapplication may have arisen from the similarity of the names. All the same, the popular mind has fixed the rhyme on Dunkeld, and, as I have said, to Dunkeld it will cling.

---

## AULD EDDIE OCHILTREE.

AIR—"*Duncan Gray.*"

O HEARD you o' the bauld Blue-gown,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree?
Weel kent in ilka country town,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree;
When beggars o' the gangrel corps,
Are driven frae the hallan door,
The gudewife cries "Come ye in-ower,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree."

The bairns are a' fu' glad to see
Auld Eddie Ochiltree.
"Fling by your pocks," they cry wi' glee,
"Auld Eddie Ochiltree."
The gudewife says, "Ye'll a' hinch roun',
An' let Auld Eddie lean him doun;
Sit neist the fire, my braw Blue-gown,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree."

Syne Eddie tak's his wallets aff,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree,
Sets in the nook his auld pike-staff,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree;
The lassies a' they look fu' fain,
To see Auld Eddie come again,
The maiden brings a gude rough bane
To Auld Eddie Ochiltree.

The news are gi'en fu' waggishlie
By Auld Eddie Ochiltree;
An' jokes—"for mony a joke had he,"
Auld Eddie Ochiltree.
He tells wha's bridal's to be neist,
An' wha has little time to waste,
An' wha's to stand afore the priest,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree.

The unco's are by him rehearsed,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree,
In births and bridals he's weel versed,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree.
He kens what's done at kirk or fair,
At mill or smithy far and near,
An' hoo some wives their gudemen queer—
Auld Eddie Ochiltree.

Nae ferlie though the lassies grin,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree,
To hear his cracks an' jokes ilk' ane,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree;

The weans the gaberlunzie hail,
The ploughmen chiels lay by the flail,
The collie barks an' wags his tail
At Auld Eddie Ochiltree.

The time it comes when man an' beast,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree,
Maun gang an' tak' the needfu' rest,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree;
The auld gudeman the spence comes frae,
Cries "Jock! ye'll to the barn gae,
An' mak' a bed o' gude clean strae
For Auld Eddie Ochiltree."

The graphic and felicitous picture there presented of a Blue-Gown beggar, or Gaberlunzie, came first before the public from the press of David Webster, Horse Wynd, Edinburgh, shortly after the appearance of Scott's admirable novel, *The Antiquary*, in which it will be remembered the immortal blue-gown of the same name figures so prominently. Many of the old Scottish mendicants, as Scott rightly remarks, in his advertisement to the romance in question, were by no means to be confounded with the utterly degrading class of beings who now practise that wandering trade. Such of them as were in the habit of travelling through a particular district, were usually well received both in the farmer's ha', and in the kitchens of the country gentlemen. Further he tells us, these Bedesmen or Blue-gowns were an order of paupers to whom the kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing a certain alms in conformity with the ordinances of the Catholic Church, and who were expected in return to pray for the royal welfare and that of the state. Their number was equal to the number of years His Majesty had lived: and one Blue-Gown additional was put on the roll for every returning royal birth-day. In the same auspicious era, each Bedesman received a new cloak, or gown of coarse cloth, the colour light blue, with a pewter badge, which conferred on him the general privilege of asking alms through all Scotland,—all laws against sorning, masterful beggary, and every other species of mendacity, being suspended in favour of the privileged class. With his cloak, each received a leathern purse, containing as many shillings Scots as the sovereign was years old, on which occasion the Royal chaplain regularly preached a sermon to the Bedesmen. Andrew Gemmills, the

acknowledged prototype of Eddie Ochiltree, referring once to the Bedesman's living, said, as a trade, it was forty pounds a year worse since he had first practised it. On another occasion he observed, begging was in modern times scarcely the profession of a gentleman, and, if he had twenty sons, he would not easily be induced to breed one of them up in his own line. "Anciently, on Maundy Thursday," we are told in *Hone's Every-day Book*, "the Kings and Queens of England washed and kissed the feet of as many poor men and women as they were years old, besides bestowing their *Maundy* on each. This was in imitation of Christ washing his disciples' feet. James II. is said to have been the last of our monarchs who performed the ceremony in person."

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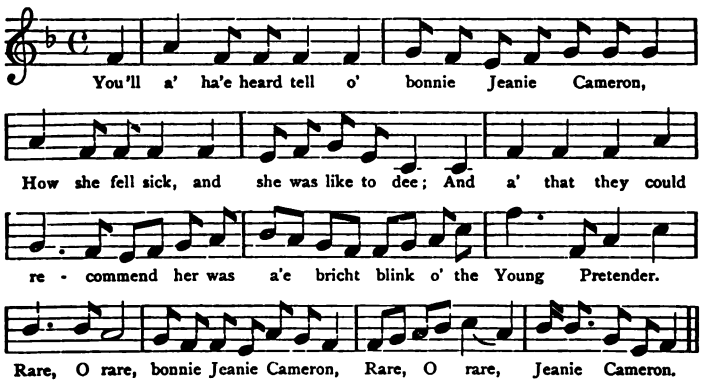
## BONNIE JEANIE CAMERON.




You'll a' ha'e heard tell o' bonnie Jeanie Cameron,
How she fell sick, and she was like to dee;
And a' that they could recommend her
Was a'e blythe blink o' the Young Pretender:
Rare, O rare, bonnie Jeanie Cameron!
Rare, O rare, Jeanie Cameron!

The doctor was sent for, to see if he could cure her,
Quickly he came—he made no delay;
But a' that he could recommend her
Was a'e blythe blink o' the Young Pretender:
Rare, O rare, bonnie Jeanie Cameron!
Rare, O rare, Jeanie Cameron!

To Charlie she wrote a very long letter,
Stating who were his friends and who were his foes;
And a' her words were sweet and tender,
To win the heart o' the Young Pretender:
Rare, O rare, bonnie Jeanie Cameron!
Rare, O rare, Jeanie Cameron!

O, scarcely had she sealed the letter wi' a ring,
When up flew the door and in came her king;
She prayed to the saints—bade angels defend her,
And sank in the arms o' the Young Pretender:
Rare, O rare, bonnie Jeanie Cameron!
Rare, O rare, Jeanie Cameron!

For this interesting ballad, and its beautiful air, I am indebted to my friend W. V. Jackson, Esq., who has delighted his fellow members of the Glasgow Ballad Club by his musical rendering of it, oftener, I am sure, than he can tell, in the last half-dozen years. The verses have been handed down by tradition in the Jackson family from Jacobite times; and regarding the subsequent fate of the heroine, Mr. Jackson possesses a curious piece of information. "One of his forbears," I have heard him tell (but I quote from Mr. George Eyre-Todd's *Ancient Scots Ballads*, now sometime before the public with the information from the same source), "sometime in the latter half of the last century, was one day buying snuff in a shop in Edinburgh, when a beggar came in. The shopman, without a word spoken, handed a groat over the counter, which the beggar took, still without a word, and departed. The customer had, however, noticed with some surprise the delicacy of the hand which was extended to

receive the coin. Something also in the air of the mendicant had struck him as unusual. He mentioned what he had noticed to the shopman, with whom he was accustomed to deal, and the latter, first looking curiously at him, informed him that the person he had just seen was no man, though in man's dress, but a woman, and no other than Jeanie Cameron, of the gentle blood of Scotland. An ardent Jacobite—as much, it may be suspected, for the sake of the Prince as for the sake of the cause—she had followed Charles to France, only, like so many others, to find herself an encumbrance upon a broken man. Neglected and cast off, she had returned to Scotland to discover that she was disowned by her people there; and finally, after many hardships, she had come to subsist upon the doles of a few sympathisers with the lost cause among the kindly burgesses of Edinburgh."

Dr. Robert Chambers, in a note in the second volume of his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, mentions, among other particulars of Jeanie Cameron, that she was seen, dressed in men's clothes, in the streets of the capital, by an acquaintance of his, about the year 1786, and that she afterwards died on a stair-foot, somewhere in the Canongate. Dr. Chambers' tradition is in part, however, opposed by another, which avers, that Jeanie Cameron latterly retired to the dreary residence of Blacklaw, or Mount Cameron, on Colonel Stuart's estate at East Kilbride, where she received her friends, many of whom remained to her to the very last, and where she died in 1773. According to her own wish, as this story has it, she was buried in a field at the back of Mount Cameron, where tradition still points out her grave. No stone, no cross, marks the spot, although until recently the succeeding generations of farmers, while reaping or ploughing, respected the spot, which, when the field was bare, was distinguishable from afar by the luxuriant crop of weeds and herbage that crowned it. Lately it was levelled to the ground, and no sign now remains to mark the spot where so much ambition, passion, and frailty was laid to rest. Ure, commenting on Jeanie's case, says, "Her enemies, indeed, took unjust freedoms with her good name."

## THE KILTIES IN THE CRIMEA.

THE Kilties are the lads for me,
They're aye the foremost in a spree,
And when they're in they'll no come oot
Though a' the world should turn aboot.

They're no the lads will rin awa',
But fecht while they ha'e breath to draw;
Just tell them whaur they'll meet the foe,
And, shouther to shouther, awa' they go.

Hurrah for a' the kiltie lads,
Wi' tartan plaids and white cockades;
Just set them down before the foe,
And, shouther to shouther, awa' they go.

O! wha can match them in the ranks
For burly breasts and sturdy shanks,
Or wha daur meet them in the fiel',
And face their deadly raw o' steel.
A thousand o' your feckless loons
That wear the breeks and live in toons,
Wad flee awa' whene'er they saw
A score o' kilties in a raw.

Noo, there's the Royal Forty-twa,
They care for neither frost nor snaw,
The rain may pour, the wind may blaw,
And a' the lightnings bleeze awa';
But aye they're foremost in the fry—
Stan' oot the road, and let them by,
Or, fegs, ye'll get a dose o' lead
Will gar ye dance wi' heels o'er head.

The kilties gaed to help the Turks,
Wi' a' their pistols, guns, and dirks,
But when the bagpipes ga'e a blaw
The Turkies fainted clean awa'.

Their lassies, too, and wives sae queer
They werena like our lassies here,
For they buckled up their e'en wi' clouts,
As if our kilties had been brutes.

At Alma, when the shot and shell
Were sounding many a soldier's knell;
When the bravest hearts drew back aghast
Before the dense and deadly blast.
Sir Colin, wi' his kilted clan,
Came bounding forward in the van—
"Hurrah," he cried, wi' voice sae clear,
"The kilted lads are wanted here."

Noo, a' ye rantin', roarin' chiel's,
That like the mountain dew sae weel,
Rin up an' prog them wi' your steel
As soon's ye hear the bagpipes squeal.
Blaw up your pipes wi' micht and main,
Altho' you ne'er should grunt again.
And when they're frichtet at the blaw,
Draw oot yer dirks, and at them a'.

Sir Colin waved his sword on high,
Then, wi' a wild unearthly cry,
Up rushed the kilties to the foe,
And felled a man at every blow.
Ower horses, men, and guns they speeled,
And cleared the Russians frae the field,
While far and near was heard the cheer
Aboon the pibroch sounding clear.

The Russian General, when he saw
The kilties chase his men awa',
Cried oot, "Does ony mortal ken
Whether they're wild beasts or men?"
Sir Colin cried, "Come here, my man,
And I will tell, for weel I can,
The kilted lads are just," he says,
"Our horsemen's wives in Sunday claes."

Sir Colin Campbell kent fu' weel
The Ninety-third were true as steel,
When up he drew them in a raw
At Balaclava, kilts and a'.
The Russian horsemen charged them then
Our horsemen's wives stood up like men,
And gied them sic a dose o' lead
That a' ran aff that werena dead.

But, och! nae mair we'll fecht ava,
This waefu' peace has spoilt it a'—
Has garred our kilties lose their wark,
And ne'er a lad maun draw his dirk.
But a' oor wives and woman folk
Wi' perfect joy are like to choke,
And mony a ane 'll get a smack,
When the gallant kilted lads come back.

Hurrah for a' the kiltie lads, etc.

The arduous and prolonged Crimean War, so full of incident, provoked many songs in praise of our soldiers' valour, but few more robust than the above, which is well known from being a street song all over Scotland for many years. The author, John Lorimer, was a native of Paisley, and Town Chamberlain there for a time. He wrote the song in 1856, about which time also he composed the spirited air to which it is sung. He was born in 1812, and died in 1878.

## JOHN BARLEYCORN.

JOHN BARLEYCORN is a hero bold, as any in the land,
For ages good his fame has stood, and will for ages stand;
The whole wide world respect him, no matter friend or foe,
Whoe'er they be that make too free he's sure to lay them low.

Hey! John Barleycorn, ho! John Barleycorn,
Old and young thy praise have sung, John Barleycorn.

Now, see him in his pride of growth, his robes all rich and green,
His head is spread with prickly beard, fit knight to serve a queen;
And when the reaping time comes on poor John is stricken down,
He yields his blood for England's good, and Englishmen's renown.

Hey! John Barleycorn, etc.

The lord in courtly castle, and the squire in stately hall,
The great of name, of birth, and fame, on John for succour call;
He bids the troubled heart rejoice, gives warmth to nature's cold,
Makes weak men strong, and old ones young, and all men brave and bold.

Hey! John Barleycorn, etc.

Then shout for great John Barleycorn, head of the luscious vine,
I've not the mind such charms to find in potent draughts of wine;
Give me my native nut brown ale, all other drinks I scorn,
The English cheer is English beer—our own John Barleycorn.

Hey! John Barleycorn, etc.

Originally from England, I presume, this song has, notwithstanding, enjoyed no small vogue in Scottish social life, though it will be looked for in vain in any former song-collection issued on this side of the Border. As poetry, of course, it does not compare favourably with the older ballad with the same title which was re-set by Burns. But that's no matter; it is mainly vagabonds we are housing here.

## KATE DALRYMPLE.

In a wee cot-house far across yon muir,
Where peesweeps, plovers, and whaups cry dreary,
There lived an auld maid for mony a lang year,
Wham ne'er a wooer did e'er ca' his dearie.
A lanely lass was Kate Dalrymple,
A thrifty quean was Kate Dalrymple;
Nae music, exceptin' the clear burnie's wimple,
Was heard round the dwellin' o' Kate Dalrymple.

Her face had a smack o' the gruesome and grim,
Whilk did frae the fash o' a' wooers defend her;
Her lang Roman nose nearly met wi' her chin,
That brang folk in min' o' the auld witch o' Endor.

A weagle in her walk had Kate Dalrymple,
A sneevil in her talk had Kate Dalrymple;
And mony a cornelian and cairngorm pimple
Did bleeze on the dun face o' Kate Dalrymple.

She span tarry woo' the hale winter through,
For Kate ne'er was lazy, but eident and thrifty;
She wrocht 'mang the peats, coil'd the hay, shore the corn,
And supported hersel' by her ain shift aye.
But ne'er a lover cam' to Kate Dalrymple,
For beauty and tocher wanted Kate Dalrymple;
Unheeded was she by baith gentle and simple,
A blank in the warld seemed puir Kate Dalrymple.

But mony are the ups and downs in life—
Aft the dice-box o' fate's jumbled a' tapsalterrie;
Sae Kate fell heiress to a friend's hale estate,
And nae langer for lovers had she cause to weary.
The Squire cam' a-wooin' o' Kate Dalrymple,
The Priest scrapin', booin', fan out Kate Dalrymple;
And on ilk' wooer's face was seen love's smiling dimple,
And noo she's nae mair Kate—but *Miss Dalrymple.*

Her auld cuttystool, that she used at her wheel,
Is flung-by for the saft gilded sofa sae gaudy;
And noo she's array'd in her silks and brocade,
And can rank noo for ruffs and muffs wi' ony lady.
Still an unco fash to Kate Dalrymple,
Was dressin' and party clash to Kate Dalrymple;
She thocht a half-marrow, bred in line mair simple,
Wad be a far fitter match for Kate Dalrymple.

She aftentimes thocht, when she dwelt by hersel',
  She could wed Willie Speddystool the sarkin weaver;
And now to the wabster she the secret did tell,
  And for love or for int'rest, Will did kindly receive her.
He flang by his heddles for Kate Dalrymple,
He burnt a' his treddles doun for Kate Dalrymple;
Though his richt e'e doth skellie, and his lang leg doth limp ill,
He's wedded to and bedded noo wi' Kate Dalrymple.

This excellent and well-known song, by William Watt of East Kilbride, the author of the equally entertaining song of "The Tinkler's Waddin'," does not appear in so many of the standard national collections as its merits as a piece of character portraiture demand. It is not in Blackie's *Book of Scottish Song*, nor in *The Lyric Gems of Scotland*. When it has been printed the author's name has not been always mentioned. Watt, who was an excellent singer, as well as a composer of music, himself sang the song into fame, more than forty years ago. He died in 1859.

## MY AULD GRANNIE'S LEATHER POUCH.

Dear frien's, ye'll think me daft, nae doubt,
My wee bit blink o' wit blawn out,
To deave your learned lugs about
  My auld grannie's leather pouch!

I mind in life's sweet sunny springs,
When we were laughin', toddlin' things,
How blythe we were to loose the strings
  O' auld grannie's leather pouch!

Sae queer it's look—sae strange the shape,
Sae strongly bound wi' red silk tape,
Sae awfu' wide the mou' did gape,
O' auld grannie's leather pouch!

There's preens, an' sweeties, raisins, rock,
There's A B abs, for Will and Jock,
There's ribbons for a braw wee frock,
In auld grannie's leather pouch!

A pair o' specks, a pair o' shears,
A preen-cod, aged fifty years,
Aye danglin' at the side appears
O' auld grannie's leather pouch!

There's bodkins, thummels, hanks o' thread,
There's awfu' whangs o' cheese an' bread,
The beggars' bairns an' hens to feed,
In auld grannie's leather pouch!

There's sangs that sing o' Scotland's richt,
O' Wallace, wi' his arm o' micht,
O' Bruce's battle-axe sae bricht,
In auld grannie's leather pouch!

Some ditties hae a favoured place,
Sir James the Rose, an' Chevy Chase,
An' some about the Stuart race,
In auld grannie's leather pouch!

We kent to time her kind, kind look,
When she took up the Holy Book,
We kent the time when we micht pook
  At auld grannie's leather pouch!

But gif we broke decorum's laws,
We had to flee like frichtit craws,
A' tremblin', for the lang-taed tawse
  In auld grannie's leather pouch!

An' if we went to open strife,
When taunts an' blows were rather rife,
We fled before the "Butcher's knife,"
  In auld grannie's leather pouch!

We kent richt weel to wale ilk word,
We kent there was a "little bird,"
Whilk blabbit ilka thing it heard,
  In auld grannie's leather pouch!

E'en pussie durstna mak' a din,
When she sat doun to read or spin,
For fear it wad be stappit in
  To auld grannie's leather pouch!

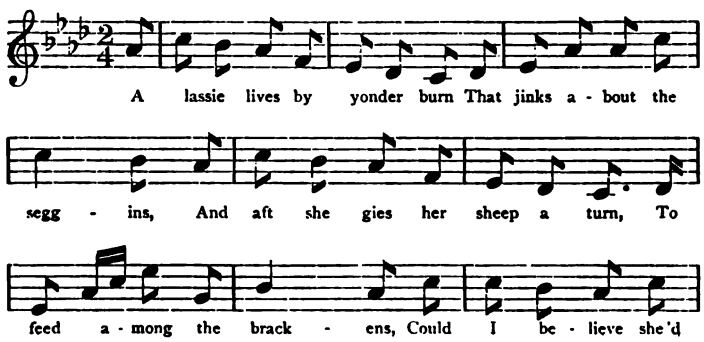
Gif kames or buckles went astray,
When lads and lasses made the hay,
'Twas queer that a'thing faund its way
  To auld grannie's leather pouch!

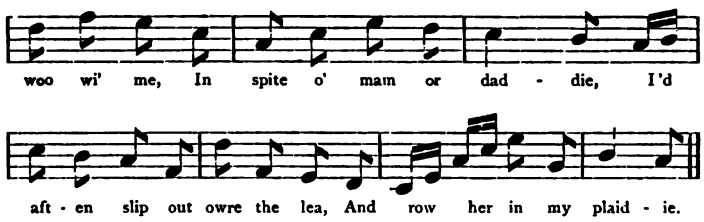
I've kent o' pouches rather queer,
Some fou' o' wun', some fou' o' gear,
But never ane that e'er cam' near
My auld grannie's leather pouch!

When ye want sermons, salves, or saws,
For mendin' heads, or hearts, or laws,
Mak' up your minds, an' gang your wa's
To auld grannie's leather pouch!

I have met many people who delighted to sing and recite this graphic song of fouthy, warm, home-life, but not one of them all, whom I chanced to interrogate on the subject, could name the author. It was written by Alexander Maclagan, the talented author of "A Cronie o' Mine," "Hurrah for the Thistle," and other excellent Scottish songs. His son Tom, of concert fame, and a very accomplished artist in his day, if I mistake not, gave the piece to the public.

## A LASSIE LIVES BY YONDER BURN.






A LASSIE lives by yonder burn,
That jinks about the seggins;
And aft she gi'es her sheep a turn,
To feed amang the brackens.
Could I believe she'd woo wi' me,
In spite of mam or daddie,
I'd aften slip out owre the lea,
And row her in my plaidie.

Her breast to busk I'd violets pu',
That blaw aboon the boggie,
And blue-bells hingin' wat wi' dew,
Frae yonder glen sae foggie.
Could I believe she'd woo wi' me,
And tak' me for her laddie,
I'd aften slip out owre the lea,
And row her in my plaidie.

I maun awa', I canna stay,
Though a' gang tapsalteerie,
Should boggles meet me by the way,
This night I'll see my dearie.

I'll ben the spence and dress a wee,
  Wi' knots and bughts sae gaudy,
For I canna rest until I see
  Gin she'll come in my plaidie.

For quite a long time I had been on the hunt for the above song, until recently I received a copy from my friend, Mr. John Cranston, Perth, who discovered it, as he relates, "in a dilapidated volume, which, like the fatted calf, has been in the family for years and years. The booklet is called *The British Songster for 1834*, and professes the songs contained to have been received with approbation and applause at the Theatres, Vauxhall Gardens, and other public places of amusement, during the Present Season!" It was a favourite song in various parts of Scotland, I know, less than fifty years ago. Mr. Cranston has also supplied the pleasing melody—from memory.

## THE LITTLE COUPLE.

THERE was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid,
And he said "Little maid,
  Will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
Than will you, yea, or nay,
For the least said
  Is soonest mended, ded, ded."

The little maid replied,
"Little sir, you've little said,
To induce a little maid
  To wed, wed, wed.

You must say a little more,
And produce a little ore
Ere I to the church
  Will be led, led, led."

The little man he said,
"If you'll be my little bride,
I will raise my little note
  A little higher, higher, higher.
And though small is my estate,
Yet my little heart is great
By the little god of love,
  I'm on fire, fire, fire."

The little maid replied,
"Should I be your little bride,
Pray what shall we have
  For to eat, eat, eat?
Will the flame you're only rich in
Light a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of love
  Turn the spit, spit, spit?"

The little man next said,
And some say a little cried,
For his little heart was big
  With sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
"My offers are but small,
But you have my little all,
And what we have not got
  We may borrow, borrow, borrow."

As the little man thus spoke,
His heart was almost broke,
And all for the sake
  Of her charms, charms, charms;
The little maid relents,
And softened, she consents
The little man to take
  To her arms, arms, arms.

The little maid's consent
Obtained, to church they went,
Where the parson joined their hands
  With pleasure, pleasure, pleasure.
With rapture now he eyed
His blooming little bride,
His all! his house and lands!
  His treasure, treasure, treasure!

They passed their days and nights
In pleasure and delights,
In feasting, mirth, and play,
  And dancing, dancing, dancing!
The little maid, they say,
Tripped merrily away,
With her little man so gay,
  Lightly prancing, prancing, prancing.

The honeymoon soon over,
No more a flaming lover,
The little man repents
  Of his folly, folly, folly;

His little cash had fled,
While he droops his pensive head,
And in sighs his sorrow vents,
A prey to melancholy, oly, oly.

The little maid grew bold,
She would rant and she would scold,
And call her little man
A great oaf, oaf, oaf,
He wished the deuce would take her,
While the butcher or the baker
Would not trust him for a chop,
Or a loaf, loaf, loaf.

The little man reflected,
His little means neglected,
Would serve but to increase
His sorrow, sorrow, sorrow;
To his little wife he cried,
"Let us lay our feuds aside,
And endeavour to provide
For to-morrow, morrow, morrow."

His little wife repented,
To his wishes she consented,
And said she could work
With her needle, needle, needle.
The little man was not idle,
He played upon the fiddle,
And he earned a good living
With his tweedle, tweedle, tweedle.

To the little man's great joy
He soon had a little boy,
Which made his little heart
  Quite glad, glad, glad.
'Twas the little mother's pleasure
To nurse her little treasure,
Which rapture did impart
  To his dad, dad, dad.

Now everything was smiling,
There was no more reviling,
While cheerful plenty crowned
  Their labours, labours, labours.
The little man with joy,
Would take his little boy,
And show him all around
  To his neighbours, neighbours, neighbours.

The frequency with which the above entertaining and curious piece—or an abridged version of it at least—occurs in the Scottish chapbooks of from 1770 to 1800, should, I think, warrant one in concluding that it was a prime favourite with the people of that time. Where it sprung from originally is not so clear. It was issued in a booklet, with a graphic and clever illustration to each verse, by B. Tarbart & Co., at their Juvenile and School Library, New Bond Street, London, in 1808, under the title, "Memoirs of the Little Man and the Little Maid, with some interesting particulars of their lives never before published." But this copy, though it has many verses added, all of which I have printed, is short of two, important as any—the second and third here—which are common to all the earlier Scottish versions.

## OUR GUDEMAN CAM' HAME AT E'EN.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a saddled horse
Where nae horse should be.
"Oh, how cam' this horse here?
How can this be?
How cam' this horse here
Without the leave o' me?"
"A horse?" quo' she.
"Ay, a horse!" quo' he.
"Ye auld blind dotard carle,
And blinder may ye be;
It's but a bonnie milk cow
My mither sent to me."
"A milk cow?" quo' he.
"Ay, a milk cow!" quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden, wife,
And muckle ha'e I seen,
But a saddle on a milk cow
Saw I never nane."

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
He spied a pair o' jack-boots
Where nae boots should be.
"What's this now, gudewife?
What's this I see?

How cam' thae boots here,
  Without the leave o' me?"
"Boots?" quo' she.
  "Ay, boots!" quo' he.
"Ye auld blind dotard carle,
  And blinder may ye be,
It's but a pair o' water-stoups
  The cooper sent to me."
"Water-stoups?" quo' he.
  "Ay, water-stoups!" quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden, wife,
  And muckle ha'e I seen;
But siller spurs on water-stoups
  Saw I never nane."

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
  And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a siller sword
  Where nae sword should be.
"What's this now, gudewife?
  What's this I see?
How cam' this sword here,
  Without the leave o' me?"
"A sword?" quo' she.
  "Ay, a sword!" quo' he.
"Ye auld blind dotard carle,
  And blinder may ye be!
It's but a bonnie parritch-stick
  My minnie sent to me."
"A parritch-stick?" quo' he.
  "Ay, a parritch-stick!" quo' she.

"Far ha'e I ridden, wife,
And far'er ha'e I gane,
But siller-mountit parritch-sticks
Saw I never nane."

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
And there he spied a pouther'd wig,
Where nae wig should be.
"What's this now, gudewife?
What's this I see?
How cam' this wig here
Without the leave o' me?"
"A wig?" quo' she.
"Ay, a wig!" quo' he.
"Ye auld blind dotard carle,
And blinder may ye be!
'Tis naething but a clocken-hen
My minnie sent to me."
"A clocken-hen?" quo' he.
"Ay, a clocken-hen!" quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden, wife,
And muckle ha'e I seen;
But pouther on a clocken-hen
Saw I never nane."

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a muckle coat
Where nae coat should be.

"What's this noo, gudewife?
What's this I see?
How cam' this coat here
Without the leave o' me?"
"A coat?" quo' she.
"Ay, a coat!" quo' he.
"Ye auld blind dotard carle,
And blinder may ye be!
It's but a pair o' blankets
My minnie sent to me."
"Blankets?" quo' he.
"Ay, blankets!" quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden, wife,
And muckle ha'e I seen;
But buttons upon blankets
Saw I never nane."

Ben the house gaed our gudeman,
And ben gaed he,
And there he spied a sturdy man
Where nae man should be.
"What's this noo, gudewife?
What's this I see?
How cam' this man here
Without the leave o' me?"
"Oh, hooly, hooly, my gudeman,
And dinna angry be,
It's but our cousin Mackintosh
Frae the north countrie!"
"Cousin Mackintosh?" quo' he.
"Ay, cousin Mackintosh!" quo' she.

"Ye'll ha'e us a' hanged, gudewife,
And that'll be to see;
Ye're hiding rebels in the hoose
Without the leave o' me."

This rarely humorous song first appeared in David Herd's Collection in 1769, and was first printed, words and music together, in Johnson's *Musical Museum*. It bears indisputable marks of Scottish authorship, while its story is quite likely of Scottish origin; although, in the *Roxburgh Collection*, there appears a Yorkshire song strung on the same set of ideas, which has been long known in England. The first verse runs—

"O, I went into the stable and there for to see,
And there I saw three horses stand by one, by two, and by three,
O, I called to my loving wife, and, anon, kind sir, quoth she;
'O, what do these three horses here without the leave o' me?'
'Why, you old fool, blind fool, can't you very well see
These are three milking cows my mother sent to me?'
'Odds bobs, well done I, milking cows with saddles on!
The like was never known!'"

There is, however, wanting in these lines the graphic force and "birr" that characterises our Scottish version of the song. Indeed, the composition is of the most doggerel order. Of course, where, when, and how the song originated it would now be impossible to say; but the Scottish version is so thoroughly national in every detail that we cannot conceive how such a complete structure could have been raised on a borrowed ground-plan—and a ground-plan, forsooth, which is as characteristically Scotch as any other element in the piece.

Mr. Stenhouse tells how Johnson, the publisher of the *Museum*, after several unavailing researches, came by the now well-known melody to which the song is sung. An old man of the name of Geikie, a hairdresser in the Candlemaker's Row, Edinburgh, he was told, sung the verses charmingly, and the tune was uncommonly fine. With his friend, Mr. Clarke, Johnson took a step to Geikie's lodgings, and invited him to an inn to crack a bottle with them. They soon made the old man very merry, and on being requested to favour them with the song he readily complied, and sung it with great glee. Mr. Clarke took down the notes, and arranged the matter for the *Museum* forthwith.

There is more than one reading, though the variations are mainly verbal only. I give what I consider the best—the one used by the late Mr. David Kennedy, the eminent Scottish vocalist; and those of my readers who never heard

Kennedy sing this song, have yet, I am persuaded, to learn how much there is in it.

Originally, it may be stated, the song, like many of its fellows in the olden time, was a revelation of domestic infidelity, the fun of which turned on the wife's ingenious and daringly unscrupulous devices to hoodwink her simple and leal goodman. Here is the concluding verse of the older copy—

Ben the house gaed our gudeman,
  And ben gaed he;
And there he spy'd a sturdy man,
  Where nae man should be.
"How cam' this man here?
  How can this be?
How cam' this man here
  Without the leave o' me?"
"A man?" quo' she.
  "Ay, a man!" quo' he.
"Ye auld blind dotard carle,
  And blinder may ye be;
It's but a new milking maid
  My minnie sent to me."
"A maid?" quo' he.
  "Ay, a maid!" quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden, wife,
  And muckle ha'e I seen,
But lang-bearded milking-maids
  Saw I never nane!"

Now, when songs and ballads have been Bowdlerised even to the slightest extent, it has been, alas! very frequently with weakening results. But here, by turning the current of the story from an indelicate into a Jacobite issue, the effect has been heightened rather than diminished, and we have a song which in its amended form may be sung and be depended on to give pleasure in any company of ladies and gentlemen. All praise, then, to the unknown bard who wrought the delightsome transformation!

## THE TWA BUMBEES.

THERE were twa bumbees met on a twig,
  Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
Said "Whaur will we gang our byke to big?"
  Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!
The modest Miss, bein' rather shy,
Twigg'd round her head and look'd awry,
And gae her dandy nae reply
  But "Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!"

"O! we will gang to yon sunny bank,
  Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum fizz!
Whaur the flowers bloom fair, and the fog grows rank,
  Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!"
They sought the bank frae side to side,
In every hole baith straucht and wide,
But nane they saw could please the bride,
  Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!

When they had sought frae noon till six,
  Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
And on nae place their choice could fix;
  Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!
They saw a hole beneath a tree,
"O! this our dwelling-place shall be,"
They said, and entered cheerfully,
  Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!

Jenny Wren cam' hame at night,
  Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
And, O! but she got an unco fright,
  Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!
She entered in, ne'er dreading harm,
When in her chamber, snug and warm,
The roving pair rang the alarm—
  "Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!"

Jenny Wren, bein' smit wi' fear,
  Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
Flew aff, and ne'er again cam' near,
  Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!
Quoth the gudewife to the gudeman,
"When night her mantle has withdrawn,
And Phœbus shines upon the lawn,
  Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!

"We'll gather honey from each flower,
  Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
And when the night begins to lower
  Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!
We'll hither hie, and here we'll meet,
All shielded from the wind and weet,
And a' night lang enjoy the sweet,
  Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!"

They hadna been lang beneath the tree,
  Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
When out cam' bumbees, ane, twa, three,
  Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!

Quoth Mr. Bum to Mrs. Bee,
"O! had ye a' these bees by me!"
Whilst jealousy lurked in his e'e,
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!

Quoth Mrs. Bee to Mr. Bum,
Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
"They're a' as like you's mum's like mum,
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!
I cowed the horns frae aff your brow."
Quoth Mr. Bum, "O, wow, wow, wow!
And had I horns then to cowe?"
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!

"O! a' ye bumbees, whaure'er ye be,
Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
I pray a warning tak' by me,
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!
Far rather lead a single life
Than wed a wayward, wanton wife,
Wha'll cause you meikle dule and strife,
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!"

Long lost and sorely lamented, the excellent song above quoted was composed by Charles Spence, who was born at Cockerhall, on the Braes o' the Carse of Gowrie, in Perthshire, in 1779, and died at Manchester exactly ninety years later. The origin and history of the song are worth relating.

Mr. George Porter, the schoolmaster of Moneydie, and the author, were bosom friends in youth and age, and equally enjoyed a social hour. It was Mr. Porter's long continued regret that he had not been gifted with a voice that would enable him to bear his share in a bout of quiet entertainment. Ultimately he commissioned Spence to write a song for him, such that its wit and humour would make an effect irrespective of musical execution. The result was "The

Twa Bumbees," which Porter soon committed to memory, and sang, I have heard, with such inimitable drollery that it was often in demand, and came to be known, considerably beyond the Braes of the Carse, as *Mr. Porter's own special song*. The late Mr. P. K. Drummond, of Perth, when preparing his sketch of Spence for "Perthshire in Bygone Days" (issued in 1879), quoted the first four lines, which, he said, was all of the song he could recall. For years, both before and after the above date, Mr. Drummond endeavoured to recover a full copy, but did not succeed. It was my very good fortune to receive more than ten years ago a complete copy of "The Twa Bumbees" from the late Mr. Peter Norval, schoolmaster, Collace, himself a poet, and the intimate friend of both Spence and Porter. Soon after, at my instance, the song appeared in print for the first time. But it is not so widely known yet as it deserves; and I cannot serve its author and my readers better than by reproducing it here. It will satisfy the latter that when Charles Spence set himself to be funny he could make fun to some purpose.

## LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
The day appointed was,
That Pate went forth unto the broom,
To meet his bonny lass,
Blythe and merry was his heart,
And sweetly then sung he,
She's low down, she's in the broom
That's waiting for me.

Waiting for me, my dear,
Waiting for me;
She's low down, she's in the broom,
Where merry we shall be.

Now Jenny she's gane down the broom,
And it's to meet wi' Pate,
And what they said and what they did,
We shortly will relate;
Blythe and merry was her heart,
And sweetly then sung she
He's low down and in the broom
That's waiting for me.

Waiting for me, etc.

O, she look'd o'er her shoulder,
To see what she could see,
And there she spied her own true love,
Come linking o'er the lea,
With his little bonnet on his head,
His plaid above his knee,
" He's coming skipping o'er the broom
For to meet with me.

For to meet with me, etc."

He took his true love in his arms,
Sae merry was his heart,
And said, " My life, my lovely jewel,
My dear, we'll never part;"
He said, " My dear we'll never part,
Until the day we dee,
And since we're down among the broom,
Merry shall we be.

Merry shall we be, etc."

"Hold off your hand, young man," she said,
"And do not use me so,
For little does my father
Or yet my mother know;
And they will wonder in their minds
What is become of me,
They'll little think I'm in the broom
Talking with thee.

Talking with thee, etc.

"My daddy is a canker'd carle,
He'll no twine wi' his gear,
My minny she's a scaulding wife
Hauds a' the house a steer;
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me,
For he's low down, he's in the broom
That's waited on me.

Waited on me, etc.

"My Aunty Kate sits at her wheel
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel I ken it's a' envy
For ne'er a joe has she,
My cousin Bet was sair beguiled
By Johnny o' the glen,
And aye sin syne she cries 'Beware
O' false deluding men.'

But let them say, etc.

"Gleed Sandy he came wast a'e night
And speir'd when I saw Pate;
And aye sin' syne the neighbours round,
They jeer me ear' and late,
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me;
For I ha'e vow'd to love you, lad,
Until the day I dee."

Until the day I dee, etc."

They parted blythe and weel content
Sae merry may they be,
For a constant swain has Patie proved
And a kind lass she.
"Ye've waited on me, my love,
Ye've waited on me;
Ye've waited lang amang the broom,
Now I am bound to thee.

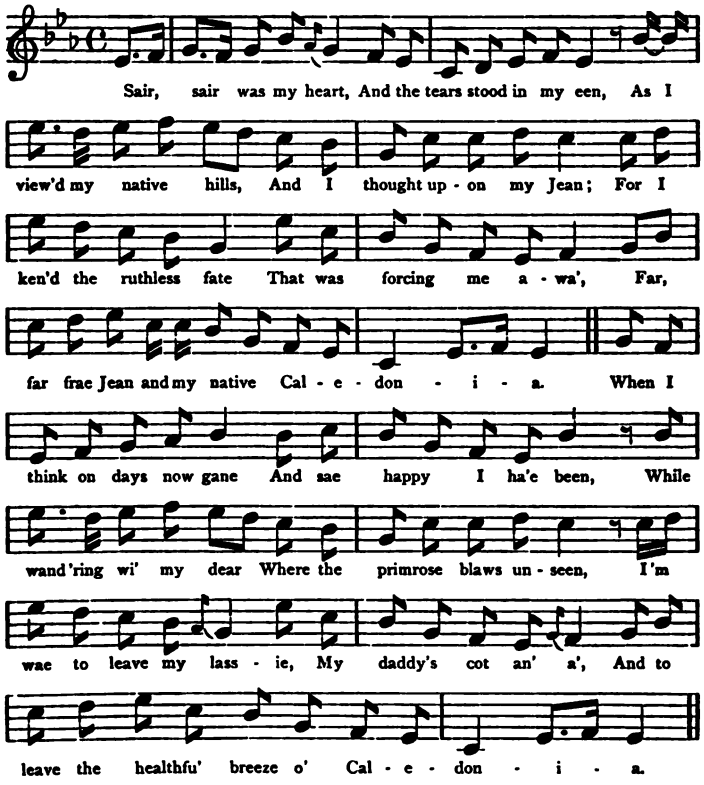
I am bound to thee, my love,
I am bound to thee;
Ye've waited lang amang the broom,
And I am bound to thee."

The above appears in a chap-book of "Five Excellent New Songs." No imprint, no date. Part, it will be seen, beginning with the verse—

"My daddy is a canker'd carle,"

forms the song which is common to the larger collections, and regularly ascribed to James Carnegie, Esq., of Balnamoon, near Brechin, who lived in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The first five and the closing verses, however, not a whit inferior to the rest, are entirely the work of the chap-book writer, who must perforce complete the story.

## JEAN AND CALEDONIA.




SAIR, sair was my heart, an' the tears stood in my een,
As I view'd my native hills an' I thought upon my Jean,
For I ken'd the ruthless fate that was forcing me awa',
Far, far frae my Jean, an' fair Caledonia.

When I think on the days now gane, and sae happy I ha'e
been,
While wand'ring wi' my dear where the primrose blaws un-
seen;
I'm wae to leave my lassie, my daddy's cot an' a',
And to leave the healthfu' breeze o' Caledonia.

I'll ever mind the time when beneath the milk-white thorn,
I last parted frae my Jean, for wi' love my heart was torn;
I ken'd na how to tell her I had soon to gang awa'
Far, far frae my true love and Caledonia.

The scene was sweet, the ev'ning sun was wearing to his bed,
And half behind the western hills had sunk his golden head,
When I seized my Jeanie's hand an' sighed "Noo I maun
gang awa'
But my heart I leave wi' you, my dear, and Caledonia."

Her lovely downcast eyes they seemed to dwell upon a flower,
I marked her heaving bosom, and saw the coming shower;
The bursting tears began to drap like pearls amang snaw,
And they stained the whitest breast in fair Caledonia.

And as she saftly sighed, she fell into my arms,
And fondly prayed that Heaven kind would shield me from
all harms,
"May storm an' tempest aye be hush'd, and saft the breezes
blaw,
That wafts my love from me," she cried, "in Caledonia."

"Dry up your tears, dear Jeanie, though I leave you for a while
To stem Dame Fortune's frowns, I yet hope to share her smile;
What's a' the wealth o' India's coast; its riches are but sma'
Compared wi' thy sweet smile, my dear, an' Caledonia.

"Now Jeanie, dear, before we pairt, I promise to be true,
Ye ha'e my heart, and there's my hand, I'll wed wi' nane but you;
Whene'er kind Fortune brings me back the priest shall join us twa,
And we'll spend our happy days in fair Caledonia.

There are few better specimens of the wandering country song than the one here given, which is printed partly from memory, and partly from a copy in manuscript received from Mr. John Graham, Comrie. So far as I am aware, it has not previously appeared in print, yet many, I am sure, will recognise it as a prime old favourite. Whitelaw's book includes a song of two double stanzas bearing on the same theme, and with some lines nearly identical, but ours is a much more interesting, a fuller, and more individual performance.

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## JOHN GRUMLIE.

John Grumlie swore by the licht o' the moon,
And the green leaves on the tree,
That he could do mair wark in a day
Than his wife could do in three;

His wife rose up in the mornin',
Wi' cares and troubles enou',
" John Grumlie, bide at hame, John,
And I'll gae haud the plough."

Singing fal-de-lal-lal, de-lal-lal,
Fal-lal lal-lal la-loo-oo,
John Grumlie, bide at hame, John,
And I'll gae haud the plough.

" First ye maun dress your children fair,
And put them a' in their gear,
And ye maun turn the maut, John,
Or else ye'll spoil the beer.
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
That I span yesterday ;
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
Else they'll a' lay away."

Singing fal-de-lal, etc.

Oh he did dress his children fair,
And put them a' in their gear ;
But he forgot to turn the maut,
And so he spoiled the beer.
And he sang aloud as he reel'd the tweel
That his wife span yesterday ;
But he forgot to ca' in the hens,
And the hens a' laid away.

Singing fal-de-lal, etc.

The hawket crummie loot doon nae milk,
He kirned, nor butter gat;
And a' gaed wrang, and noucht gaed richt,
He danced wi' rage, and grat.
Then up he ran to the head of the Knowe,
Wi' many a wave and shout—
She heard him as she heard him not,
And steer'd the stots about.

Singing fal-de-lal, etc.

John Grumlie's wife cam' hame at e'en,
And laugh'd as she'd been mad,
When she saw the house in siccan a plight,
And John sae glum and sad.
Quoth he, "I'll gie up housewife-skep,
I'll be nae mair gudewife,"
"Indeed," quoth she, "I'm weel content,
Ye may keep it the rest o' your life."

Singing fal-de-lal, etc.

"The deil be in that," quoth surly John,
"I'll do as I've dune before."
Wi' that the gudewife took up a stout rung,
And John made aff to the door.
"Stop, stop, gudewife, I'll haud my tongue,
I ken I'm sair to blame,
But henceforth I maun mind the plough,
And ye maun bide at hame."

Singing fal-de-lal, etc.

Long, and still, a popular and captivating humorous song. "John Grumlie" is a modern lyrical adaptation of an old Scottish poem entitled "The Wife of Auchtermuchty," which is preserved in the Bannatyne MS., and is supposed to be the production of a Sir John Moffat, one of the "Pope's Knights," who flourished in the early part of the sixteenth century, and was besides author of a fine serious poem beginning "Brother, be wise, I ride you now," which is printed in Lord Hailes's collection. The song is consistently less elaborated than the poem. It is, moreover, less vigorous and free, and less ample and striking as a picture; but it is not less humorous, and it gains in this, that it is more refined, and altogether more presentable to ears polite. No one, indeed, can be other than highly amused by the narrative of honest John's series of self-provoked misfortunes. In the song collections it has generally been printed as anonymous, but has repeatedly been assigned to Allan Cunningham. "Honest Allan" himself, however, in a note appended to it in his four-volume collection of the Songs of Scotland describes it as an old song and a favourite among the peasantry of Nithsdale, where it was formerly sung at weddings, house-heatings, prentice-bindings, and other times of fixed or casual conviviality. "I took it," he adds, "from the recitation of Mr. George Duff of Dumfries, with whose father it was a great favourite."

## THE MUCKLE MEAL-POCK.

I AM a sturdy beggar loon, weel kent the country through,
I hae a crap for ilka corn—or tawties, meal, or 'oo';
A lauch aye for the lasses—tell the news, an' crack an' joke,
An' that aye lats them ken o' my muckle meal-pock.

If you think there's only meal in't, it's then ye're far wrang,
There's cakes in't, an' scones in't, an' cheese, a dainty-whang;
There's whiles a bit tobacco when I want a chew or smoke,
An' I hide a' my failings in my muckle meal-pock.

But ye maun keep yer thoom on't, a secret I've to tell,
Awa' doon in the bottom o't I keep a wee bit stell;
The farmers' wives they hae a drooth as weel as other folk,
There's aye a wheel within a wheel—sae in my muckle pock.

I tak' the bits o' errands when I dander to the toon—
A parasol to mend, or whiles a pair o' shoon;
The handle o' a parritch-pat—a pend'lum for a clock—
An' they a' find a place in my muckle meal-pock.

I tak' eggs by the dozen, to the clachan, or the toon,
I niffer them for pocks o' tea, an' sugar, white or broon;
I've whiles sae mony buns an' baps, a baker's shop 'twould
stock,
An' they're a' stow'd awa' in my muckle meal-pock.

As lang's the loads do pay me weel, I dinna care a preen,
Be't bumbees' skeps, tawtie grapes, or e'en a crinoline;
What do ye think a farmer said?—of course it was a joke—
"Bring us up a rake o' coals in your muckle meal-pock."

But you'll hear how I fared wi' my graspin' an' my greed—
The e'e mair than the stammick, it has aye been ill to feed—
I cram'd it, an' squeezed it, till it was like to choke,
I was scarcely fit to wauchle wi' my muckle meal-pock.

When I cam' to the ford, whaur ye cross the stappin'-stanes,
I hitch'd it aff my shouther for to rest my weary banes,
The string around the mouth, wi' the wecht within it broke,
And out fell a' the harns o' my muckle meal-pock.

Noo, I've laid awa' my meal-pock, ance dear to my heart,
An' I hae got instead o' it a cuddy an' a cart;
I'm a cadger an' a carrier, an' rank wi' decent folk;
I'm a gentleman compared to the owner o' a pock.

I have not been able to gather particulars about this song, which I fancy belongs to the West of Scotland, where it has been chiefly sung, and was commonly known about forty years ago.

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## KATEY OF LOCHGOIL.

TUNE—"*The Whalers.*"

'TWAS on the year Eleventy-nine,
And March the fortieth day,
That Katey of Lochgoil, my boys,
To sea she'll bore away.

To my fal al de dal, etc.

Now Katey, she's as fine a ship
As ever yet was rig;
And when she'll got her mainsail up,
Got! you'll tuke her for a prig.

T'ere was Tonald More an' Tugald More,
Shon Tamson an' Shon Roy;
And all our whole ship's companie
Was one laddie an' a poy.

As we'll sail by the Pladda light,
  She'll plew a terrible plow;
Says Tonald More to Tugald More,
  She'll thinks she's pest pelow.

As we steer round the Ailsa Craig,
  She'll plew a wondrous gale;
Says Tugald More to Tonald More,
  We'll turn apoot her tail.

As we steer round the Toward Point,
  She'll plew a terrible plast;
She'll plew up such a hurricane,
  She'll plew away her mast.

As we came by the Cloch light-house,
  She'll plaw a terrible plew:
It's Tonald at the poo, my boys,
  O! she'll be tuke a spew.

The captain, being kind to us,
  Put on the muckle pot,
Wi' scatyuns for to boil to us—
  But de'il a one we'll got.

T'ere was Tonald More an' Tugald More,
  Shon Tamson an' his mate,
Was putting his cousin's son ashore,
  For breakin' a scatyun plate.

Ta signal that our Katey had,
Was Tonald's bonnet blue;
Ta skipper being out on shore,
It's he the signal knew.

Noo Katey, she is home again,
And safe on Greenock quay;
And ere she'll go to sea again,
She'll tuke new hands for me.

This was long, and even until recently, a popular song at small social parties throughout the West of Scotland. All readily engaging lustily in the chorus.

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## I'VE AYE BEEN FOU' SIN' THE YEAR CAM' IN.

AIR—"*The Laird o' Cockpen.*"

I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in,
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in;
It's what wi' the brandy, an' what wi' the gin,
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

Our Yule friends they met, and a gay stoup we drank,
The bicker gaed round, an' the pint-stoup did clank;
But that was a naething, as shortly ye'll fin'—
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

Our auld timmer clock, wi' thorl an' string,
Had scarce shown the hour whilk the New Year did bring,
When friends and acquaintance cam' tirl at the pin—
An' I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

My auld Auntie Tibbie cam' ben for her cap,
Wi' scone in her hand, an' cheese in her lap,
An' drank a gude New Year to kith an' to kin—
Sae I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

My strong brother Sandy cam' in frae the South—
There's some ken his mettle, but nane ken his drouth;
I brocht out the bottle, losh! how he did grin!
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

Wi' feastin' at nicht, an' wi' drinkin' at morn,
Wi' here tak' a caulker, an' there tak' a horn;
I've gotten baith doited, an' donner't an' blin'—
For I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

I sent for the doctor an' bade him sit doun,
He felt at my wrist, an' he straiket my crown:
He order'd a bottle—but it turned out gin;
Sae I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

The Sunday bell rang, an' I thocht it as weel,
To slip into the kirk, to steer clear o' the de'il;
But the chiel' at the plate fand a groat left behin'—
Sae I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

'Tis Candlemas time, an' the wee birds o' Spring
Are chirming an' chirping as if they wad sing:
While here I sit bousing—'tis really a sin!—
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in!

In the month of May not many years ago a man was arraigned at the bar of a West of Scotland Police Court for being drunk and incapable, and when asked if he was guilty or not guilty, he modestly admitted the impeachment, but

leering in the face of the presiding magistrate, pled in extenuation "thae awfu New Year times." A similar case of long-sustained befuddlement perhaps, many years before, gave Robert Gilfillan, the author of "Why Left I My Hame," who was himself certainly a most temperate and exemplary man, the hint for this rarely graphic and clever bacchanalian song. It can be sung with rare effect and is not without a moral—to the wise.

## JAMES RAEBURN'S FAREWEEL.

My name is Jamie Raeburn, in Glasgow I was born,
My place and habitation I'm forced to leave with scorn,
From my place and habitation I now must gang awa',
Far frae the bonnie hills and dales of Caledonia.

'Twas early one morning, just by the break of day,
I overheard the turn-key, who unto us did say—
Arise, ye hapless convicts, arise ye ane and a',
This is the day ye are to stray from Caledonia.

We all arose, put on our clothes, our hearts were full of grief,
Our friends they a' stood round the coach, could grant us no relief,
Our friends they a' stood round the coach, their hearts were broke in twa,
To see us leave the bonnie braes of Caledonia.

Fareweel my aged mother, I'm vexed for what I've done,
I hope none will upcast to you the race that I have run;
I hope you'll be provided for when I am far awa',
Far from the bonnie hills and dales of Caledonia.

Fareweel, my honoured father, he is the best of men,
And likewise my own sweetheart, it's Catherine is her name;
Nae mair we'll walk by Clyde's clear stream, nor by the Broomielaw,
For I must leave the hills and dales of Caledonia.

If e'er we chance to meet again I hope 'twill be above,
Where hallelujahs will be sung to Him who reigns in love,
Nae earthly judge shall judge us then, but He who rules us a',
Fareweel, ye bonnie hills and dales of Caledonia.

The above was long a popular street song, all over Scotland, and sold readily in penny sheet form. The hero of the verses, in whose mouth the words are put, I recently learned on enquiry, through the columns of the *Glasgow Evening Times*, was a baker to trade, who was sentenced to banishment for theft, more than sixty years ago. His sweetheart, Catherine Chandlier, thus told the story of his misfortunes :—"We parted at ten o'clock and Jamie was in the police office at 20 minutes past ten. Going home, he met an acquaintance of his boyhood, who took him in to treat him for auld langsyne. Scarcely had they entered when the detectives appeared and apprehended them. Searched, the stolen property was found. They were tried and banished for life to Botany Bay. Jamie was innocent as the unborn babe, but his heartless companion spoke not a word of his innocence."

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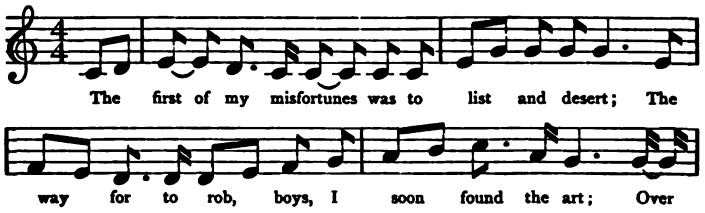
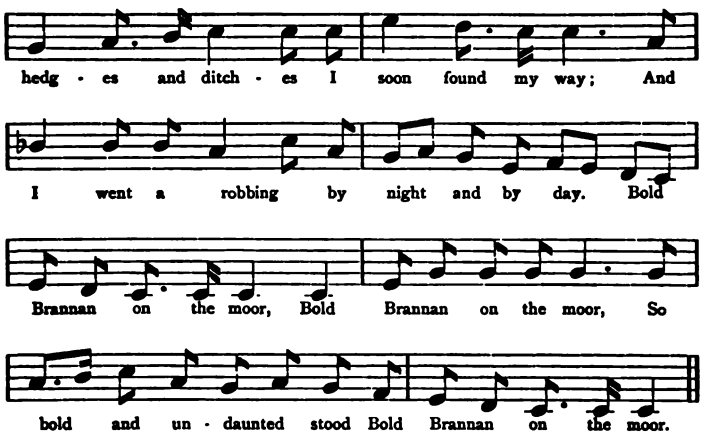
## BOLD BRANNAN ON THE MOOR.






THE first of my misfortunes was to list and desert,
The way for to rob, boys, I soon found the art;
Over hedges and ditches I soon found my way,
And I went a robbing by night and by day.

Bold Brannan on the moor,
Bold Brannan on the moor,
So old and undaunted stood
Stood bold Brannan on the moor.

As Brannan was walking on yon mountains high,
A coach with four horses he chanced to espy;
With but a blunderbuss alone in his hand,
He made the guard and horses at once for to stand.

Bold Brannan, etc.

As Brannan was riding up yon mountains high,
A coach and six horses he happened to spy;
He robbed from the rich but he gave to the poor,
He's over the mountains and you'll never see him more.

Bold Brannan, etc.

But oh, do you see yon crowds a-coming,
And oh, do you see yon constables a-running,
And oh, do you see yon high gallows tree
They're hanging bold Brannan for highway robbery.

Bold Brannan, etc.

Bold Brannan he is taken and condemned to die,
And many a fair maiden for Brannan will cry;
But for all their crying they'll not save me,
Nor keep me from disgrace on yon high gallows tree.

Bold Brannan, etc.

I am wae for my wife and my children three,
My poor aged mother, I never will see;
My poor aged father, with grey locks, he cried,
"Oh, I wish my bold Brannan in his cradle had died."

Bold Brannan, etc.

Thoroughly Irish as it may be, the above was never more popular in Ireland than it was with itinerant vocalists in Scotland about fifty years ago. And judging by the writings of M'Levy, the famous detective, and others, no song was more in favour among the "light-fingered gentry" in Edinburgh down even to a much later period. For the melody, which is quaint and characteristic, I am indebted to my good friend, Mr. Kippen, of Crieff, who fixed it on paper from the lips of a wandering Orpheus many years ago. There are two versions of the words; but the one with the music attached, though less full and satisfying than the other, was the version more generally sung. Both will be found here.

## BRANNAN ON THE MOOR.

It's of a fearless highwayman a story I will tell,
His name was Willie Brannan, in Ireland he did dwell;
And on the Livart Mountains he commenced his wild career,
Where many a wealthy gentleman before him shook with fear.
Brannan on the Moor.

A brace of loaded pistols he carried night and day,
He never robbed a poor man upon the king's highway;
But what he'd taken from the rich, like Turpin and Black Bess,
He always did divide it with the widow in distress.

One night he robbed a packman, the name of Pedlar Bawn,
They travelled on together till the day began to dawn,
The pedlar saw his money go, likewise his watch and chain,
But at once encountered Brannan, and robbed him back again.

When Brannan saw the pedlar was as good a man as he,
He took him on the highway his companion to be;
The pedlar threw away his pack 'thout any more delay,
And proved a faithful comrade until his dying day.

One day upon the highway, as Willie he sat down,
He met the mayor of Cashel a mile outside the town;

The mayor he knew his features, "I think, young man," says he,
"Your name is Willie Brannan, you must come along with me."

As Brannan's wife had gone to town, provisions for to buy,
When thus she saw her Willie she began to weep and cry;
He says, "Give me that tenpenny," as soon as Willie spoke,
She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.

Then with the loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold,
He made the mayor to tremble and robbed him of his gold;
One hundred pounds were offered for his apprehension there,
And he with horse and saddle to the mountains did repair.

Then Brannan being an outlaw upon the mountains high,
With cavalry and infantry to take him they did try;
He laughed at them with scorn, until at length 'tis said,
By a false-hearted young man he was basely betrayed.

In County Tipperary, at a place they call Clonmore,
Willie Brannan and his comrade that day did suffer sore;
He lay among the fern that was thick upon the field,
And nine wounds he did receive before that he would yield.

Then Brannan and his companion knowing they were betrayed,
Against the mounted cavalry a noble battle made;
He lost his foremost finger which was shot off by a ball,
So Brannan and his companion were taken after all.

And they were taken prisoners, in irons they were bound,
And convey'd to Clonmel jail, strong walls did them surround,
They were tried and found guilty, the judge made this reply,
"For robbing on the king's highway, you're both condemned to die."

Farewell unto my wife and to my children three,
Likewise my aged father, he may shed tears for me,
And to my loving mother who tore her grey locks and cried,
"Oh, I wish my Willie Brannan, in your cradle you had died."

---

## MAGGIE LAUDER.

Wha wadna be in love
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And speir'd what was't they ca'd her:—
Right scornfully she answered him,
"Begone, you hallanshaker!
Jog on your gate, you bletherskate,
My name is Maggie Lauder."

"Maggie," quo' he, "and by my bags,
I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee;

For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter."

"Piper," quo' Meg, "ha'e ye your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live you upo' the Border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right gude will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter."

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
"Weel done!" quo' he—"Play up!" quo' she:
"Weel bobb'd!" quo' Rob the Ranter,
"'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,
When I ha'e sic' a dancer."

"We'll ha'e you play'd your part," quo' Meg,
"Your cheeks are like the crimson,
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder."

This is a song which has few equals in its class, and which, consequently, though more than two hundred years old, is as potent to charm to-day as when it fell fresh from the mind of its author, Francis Sempill, the last of the rhyming lairds of Beltrees. Burns held it in high esteem, and there never was a better judge of song-ware. "It is so pregnant with Scottish naivete and energy," he says, "it is much relished by all ranks, notwithstanding its broad wit and palpable allusions. Its language is a precious model of imitation; sly, sprightly, and forcibly expressive. Maggie's tongue wags out the nick-names of Rob the piper with all the careless lightsomeness of unrestrained gaiety." Sempill, who was born in or about the year 1605, and died in or about the year 1680, is credited with having written also "The Blythesome Bridal," "Hallow Fair," and "She Raise and Loot Me In."

In a chap-book copy of "Maggie Lauder," printed at Stirling in 1823, the song is spun out in a rather free and easy fashion to more than twice its original length, and embraces a solicitation of marriage from the lady, to which the piper frankly responds:—

"Fiddler's wives and gamester's drink,
  Are free to a' wha choose them,
But if ye'll be a piper's wife
  I'll guard ye in my bosom;
And while I live to blaw a blast
  You'll never be a wanter,
Since ye're sae free to marry me
  Your bonnie Rob the Ranter."

A happier sequel to the song, however, was written by Captain Charles Gray, a native of Anstruther, to which town Maggie Lauder, who was evidently a real character, also belonged. Gray's effort, indeed, is a worthy companion for the song on all occasions, and is appended here in full:—

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## SEQUEL TO MAGGIE LAUDER.

THE cantie spring scarce rear'd her head,
  And winter yet did blaud her,
When the Ranter cam' to Anster Fair,
  An' speir'd for Maggie Lauder;

A snug wee house in the East Green,
  Its shelter kindly lent her;
Wi' canty ingle, clean hearth-stane,
  Meg welcomed Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
  An' to the kirk they ranted;
He play'd the auld "East Neuk o' Fife,"
  And merry Maggie vaunted
That Hab himsel' ne'er play'd a spring,
  Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring;
  An' wha's like Rob the Ranter?

For a' the talk an' loud reports
  That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves a true an' carefu' wife,
  As ever was in Anster;
An' since the marriage knot was tied,
  Rob swears he couldna' want her,
For he lo'es Maggie as his life,
  An' Meg lo'es Rob the Ranter.

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## DONALD AND GLENCOE.

As I was a-walking one evening of late
Where Flora's gay mantle the fields decorate,
I carelessly wandered, where I did not know,
On the banks of a fountain that lies in Glencoe.

Like her whom the prize of Mount Ida had won,
There approached me a lassie as bright as the sun;
The ribbons and tartans around her did flow,
That once graced Macdonald, the pride of Glencoe.

With courage undaunted to her I drew nigh,
The red rose and lily on her cheek seemed to vie;
I asked her her name, and how far she'd to go,
"Young man," she replied, "I am bound for Glencoe."

I said, "My dear lassie, your enchanting sweet smile,
And comely fair features my heart does beguile;
If your young affections on me you'll bestow,
You'll aye bless the hour that we met in Glencoe."

"Young man," she made answer, "your love I disdain,
I once had a sweetheart, young Donald by name;
He went to the wars nearly ten years ago,
And a maid I'll remain till he comes to Glencoe."

"Perhaps your young Donald regards not your name,
But has placed his affections on some foreign dame;
And may have forgotten, for aught that you know,
The lovely young lassie he left in Glencoe."

"My Donald's true valour when tried in the field,
Like his gallant ancestors, disdaining to yield,
The Spaniards and French he will soon overthrow,
And in splendour return to my arms in Glencoe."

"The power of the French, love, is hard to pull down,
They have beat many heroes of fame and renown;
And with your young Donald it may happen so—
The man you love dearly perchance is laid low."

"My Donald can ne'er from his promise depart,
For love, truth, and honour, abound in his heart;
But should I ne'er see him I single will go,
And mourn for my Donald, the pride of Glencoe."

Now proving her constant, I pulled out a glove,
Which at parting she gave me in token of love;
She flew to my breast, while the tears down did flow,
Crying, "You're my dear Donald, returned to Glencoe!"

"Yes, yes, my dear Flora, your sorrows are o'er,
While life does remain, we will part never more;
The rude blasts of war at a distance may blow,
But in peace and content we'll abide in Glencoe."

When recently I appealed to the older readers of the *People's Journal* for copies of such wandering songs and ballads as were popular in their youth and still lingered in their memory, I received, of course, many duplicates of the more widely known pieces. But of few ballads did so many copies come to hand, and from such widely separated parties, as this one of "Donald and Glencoe." Mr. R. Mutch, Ellon, Aberdeenshire, says he learned it when he was a herd laddie in the Parish of Udny, upwards of fifty years ago, and it was then a popular song in that district. Correspondents, south and west, furnishing almost identical versions, tell a similar story.

## MY WIFE SHE'S TA'EN THE GEE.

When I was young and unmarry'd,
I lived a merry life,
But yet I could not be content,
Until I got a wife.
And first I got a good one,
Did never curse and ban;
For I was more than half goodwife,
So was I hale goodman.

The gee wife, the gee wife,
My wife has ta'en the gee;
And, by my sooth, I canna guess
How Betty's ta'en the gee.

My Kate was loving all her life,
And she was good to me;
And I can swear, in all her time
She never took the gee.
When company had enticed me
Sometimes to stay frae hame,
My dear would not blaspheming rail,
Nor yet miscall my name.

But lovingly she'd me exhort,
Such things for to let be,
And I am sure in all her life
She never took the gee.

But on a time my love fell sick
  Alas! and she did dee:
For her my heart was like to break,
  Who never took the gee.

For three long months and more, I'm sure,
  I made a heavy moan,
My friends condoled with me, and said,
  I could not live alone;
They said they knew a dainty lass,
  That would do well with me;
But, oh, alas! she's dead and gone
  That never took the gee.

With counsel and advice of them,
  At length I went to see her;
And she appeared so very nice,
  That I thought shame to speir
At first, if she would marry me,
  Till courage wan the day;
Then, when I sought to marry her,
  She never said me nay.

She was so very fair and clear
  And comely for to see,
You would have thought in twenty year
  She would not take the gee.
But ere she was a month my wife,
  She paid me back and side,
And aff my face, with her lang nails,
  She rave the very hide.

I ken na what to do with her,
I can find no remead;
She causes me aft times to pray,
And wish that I were dead.
Than live with her when she gaes mad,
I rather far would dee,
The deevil take the roarin' jade
When she takes on the gee.

My wife and I went out to fight,
And she gave me my paiks;
For a' that I was fit to do,
The jade, she wan the breeks.
She drave a kail-runt in my face,
And near dang out my e'e;
And, by my sooth, I canna guess
How Betty's ta'en the gee.

She tore the hair out of my head,
And then she rave my cheeks.
And aye since that unhappy day,
My wife she wears the breeks.
I wish that she were banish'd quite,
Ten miles beyond the sea.
And there to bide and ne'er return
For to take on the gee.

The gee wife, the gee wife,
My wife has ta'en the gee;
And, by my sooth, I canna guess
How Betty's ta'en the gee.

From a chap-book printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, Glasgow, 1802. Slightly amended. Appears to have had a vogue at one time.

## THE LANG AWA' SHIP.

On a bonnie green knowe, by the side o' the sea,
Sat a sailor's wife, and her bairnies three;
And they sang as the wee waves gaed and cam',
"It's braw to sit and see the ships comin' in."

Oh, it's braw to sit an' see the ships comin' in,
Oh, it's braw to sit an' see the ships comin' in;
They sang as the wee waves gaed an' cam',
"It's braw to sit an' see the ships comin' in."

Oh, an outward bound may be fair to see,
Wi' the white sails set to the breezes free;
But to gladden the heart I'm sure there's nane
Like the sicht o' a lang awa' ship comin' hame.

Oh, it's braw, etc.

A wee boat has left the big ship's side,
It skims ower the tap o' the glancin' tide,
The keel's on the beach, and the sailor free;
He's hame to his wife and his bairnies three.

Oh, it's braw, etc.

To a cantie ingle and a clean hearth stane
They welcome the sailor to his hame again,
And wi' gratefu' hearts they praise His name,
Wha's Power gar'd the lang awa' ship come hame.

Oh, it's braw, etc.

Hitherto this song—though much sung a number of years ago—has not appeared in any representative collection. The authoress, Mrs. Boyd (*née* Isabella M'Intosh), was a native of Dundee, and was born in 1808 or 1809. Her father, Mr. Daniel M'Intosh, was for many years the master of Meadowside Academy in Dundee, and for some time found an able assistant-teacher in his daughter Isabella, who subsequently became the wife of Mr. James Boyd, a tea and coffee merchant. Mrs. Boyd survived her husband many years, and died at her residence, Craigie Bank Place, Dundee, as late as February, 1888.

An intelligent and cultured lady, possessing superior musical ability, she devoted much of her leisure to the writing of poems and songs. A number of the latter were set to music composed by herself, and harmonised by the late Mr. W. N. Watson, a Dundee musician of some note, and published in large sheet form by Messrs. Methven and Simpson there. Amongst her best known lyrical and musical efforts are "Fair Fa' the Gloamin'," and "The Lang Awa' Ship." The late Mr. David Kennedy, the popular Scottish singer, had a great admiration for these songs, and frequently sang them at his concerts at home and abroad.

Mrs. Boyd was never ambitious of fame, and simply signed her poems and songs with her initials "I. B."

## THE HOGG'S TUB.

Once I courted as bonnie a lass,
As ever my eyes did see,
But now she is so fancy grown,
She cares not a fig for me.
She invited me home to her own house,
She told me I ne'er should be poor;
Then she tumbled me into the hogg's tub,
And I'll never go there any more.

The hogg's tub, the pickling tub,
The tub behind the door;
She tumbled me into the hogg's tub,
And I'll never go there any more.

Had I sunk unto the bottom
As I swam around the brim,
I surely had been drowned outright,
And never more been seen.
But there came by an old friend of mine,
A friend that I knew before;
He hauled me out of the hogg's tub,
And I'll never go there any more.

The hogg's tub, etc.

I took my love by the lily-white hand
Saying "Madam, can you dance?"
And there came by an old fiddler,
That played us a tune by chance;
There's the blacksmith, and the whitesmith,
And the gunsmith, I can tell;
So merrily round the hogg's tub,
We danced exceedingly well.

The hogg's tub, etc.

Some say kissing's a great sin,
But I do not say so;
For kissing did in the world begin,
Some thousands of years ago;
For Adam kissed old Eve his wife,
And by him she bore a son;
So kissing was when the world began
And I hope it will ne'er be done.

The hogg's tub, etc.

O if kissing was not lawful,
Lawyers would not use it,
And if it was not gospel,
The parson would refuse it;
And if it was not a dainty dish,
The ladies would not crave it,
And if it was not sweet like wine,
Bonnie lasses would not have it.

The hogg's tub, the pickling tub,
The tub behind the door;
She tumbled me into the hogg's tub,
And I'll never go there any more.

From a chap-book printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, Glasgow, and issued in 1808. It is a rambling and rather incoherent piece, and the ideas embraced in the last two verses, it will be seen, are adapted, in their order, from a much older ditty, where, moreover, they are more pithily expressed.

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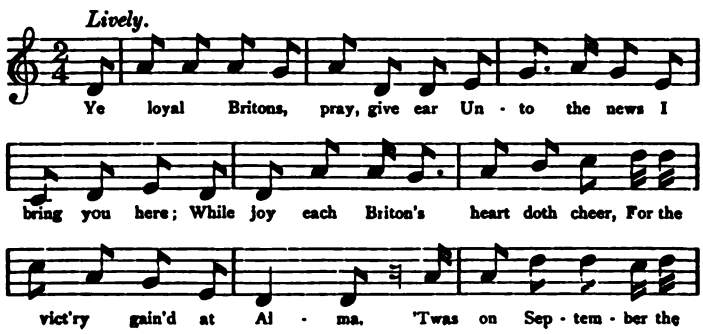
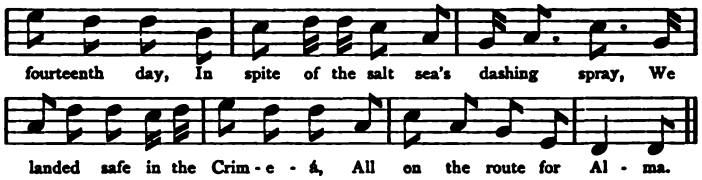
## THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA.






Ye loyal Britons, pray, give ear,
Unto the news I bring you here;
While joy each Briton's heart doth cheer,
For the vict'ry gained at Alma.
'Twas on September the fourteenth day,
In spite of the salt sea's dashing spray,
We landed safe on the Crimea,
All on the route for Alma.

That night we lay on the cold ground,
No tent nor shelter could be found;
With rain we all were nearly drowned,
To cheer us for the Alma.
Next morn a burning sun did rise,
Beneath the cloudless Eastern skies;
Our gallant chief, Lord Raglan, cries—
"Prepare to march for Alma."

And when the Alma came in view,
It did the stoutest heart subdue,
To see the mighty Russian crew,
Upon the heights of Alma.
They were so strongly fortified,
With batteries on the mountain-side,
Our general viewed the forts, and cried—
"There'll be hot work at Alma."

The balls did fall as thick as rain,
When we the batteries tried to gain,
And many a hero there was slain
  Upon the heights of Alma.
The Thirty-third and the Fusiliers,
They climbed the hills and gave three cheers;
While "Faugh a ballagh" rent our ears,
  From the Irish boys at Alma.

Our Highland lads, with kilt and hose,
They were not last, you may suppose;
But boldly faced their Russian foes,
  To gain the heights of Alma.
And when the heights we did command,
We fought the Russians hand to hand;
But the Russian force could not withstand
  The British charge at Alma.

Their guns and knapsacks they threw down,
And ran like hares before the hound,
While "Vive L'Empereur" did resound,
  From the sons of France at Alma.
But though the battle we have got,
And gallantly our heroes fought,
Yet dearly was the victory bought,
  For thousands died at Alma.

Between the wounded and the slain,
The Russians lost eight thousand men;
And had three thousand prisoners ta'en
  Upon the heights of Alma.

Two thousand British, I heard say,
Did fall upon that fatal day;
And fourteen hundred Frenchmen lay
  In bloody graves at Alma.

To Sebastopol the Russians fled,
They left their wounded and their dead;
The river that day ran crimson red,
  With the blood that was spilled at Alma.
From orphans' eyes the tear-drops roll,
And none the widows can console,
While parents mourn, beyond control,
  The sons they lost at Alma.

And many a pretty maid does mourn,
Her lover who will ne'er return;
By cruel war he's from her torn,
  And his body lies at Alma.
With France and England, hand in hand,
What force on earth can them withstand;
So sound the news throughout the land—
  The victory of the Alma.

The above was a common street song, and always a "catch," not in Scotland alone, but all over Britain, for many years succeeding the great Crimean War. Many thousands of it must have been sold in broad sheet form.

## THE BLAEBERRY COURTSHIP.

"Will ye go to the Highlands, my jewel, with me?
Will ye go to the Highlands, my flocks for to see?
It is health to my jewel to breathe the sweet air,
And to pull the blaeberries in the forest so fair."

"To the Highlands, my love, I will not go with thee,
For the road it is long, and the hills they are high;
I love this green valley and sweet corn field
More than all the blaeberries your wild mountains yield."

"Our hills they are bonnie when the heather's in bloom,
It would cheer a fine fancy in the sweet month of June
To pull the blaeberries and carry them home,
And set them on your table when December comes on."

Out spake her father, that saucy old man,
"Why choose not a mistress among your own clan?
It's but poor entertainment to our Lowland dames
To promise them berries and blue heather blooms.

"Kilt up your green plaidie, walk over yon hill,
For the sight of your Highland face does me much ill;
I'll wed my own daughter, and spare pennies too,
To whom my heart pleases, and what's that to you?"

"My plaid it is broad, it has colours anew,
Goodman, for your kindness, I'll leave it with you;
I have got a warm cordial keeps the cold from me—
The blythe blinks o' love from your fair daughter's e'e.

"My flocks they are thin, and my lodgings but bare,
And you that has meikle the more you can spare;
Some of your spare pennies with me you will share,
And you winna send your lassie o'er the hills bare."

He went to his daughter to give her advice,
Said, "If you go with him I'm sure you're not wise;
He's a rude Highland fellow, as poor as a crow,
He's of the clan Caithness for aught that I know.

"But if you go with him, I'm sure you'll go bare,
You'll have nothing your father or mother can spare;
Of all I possess I'll deprive you for aye,
If o'er the hills, lassie, you do go away."

"It's father keep what you're not willing to give,
For I will go with him as sure as I live;
What signifies gold or treasure or fee,
If the hills are between my true love and me?"

Now she is gone with him in spite of them a',
Away to a place where her eyes never saw;
He had no gallant steed for to carry her on,
But still he said, "Lassie, think not the road long."

In a warm summer's evening they came to a glen,
Being wearied with travel, the lassie sat down;
"Get up, my brave lassie, and let us step on,
For the sun will go down before we get home."

"My feet are all torn, my shoes are all rent,
I'm wearied with travel and just like to faint;
Were it not for the sake of your kind companie,
I would lay myself down in the desert and die."

"The day is far spent and the night's coming on,
So step you aside to yon lonely mill-town,
And there ask lodgings for thee, love, and I,
For glad would I be in a barn for to lie."

"The place it looks pleasant and bonnie indeed,
But the folks are hard-hearted to them that's in need;
Perhaps they'll not grant us their barn nor byre,
But I will go and ask, as it is your desire."

The lassie went foremost. "Sure I was to blame,
To ask for a lodging myself I thought shame;"
The lassie replied, with tears not a few—
"It's ill ale," said she, "that's sour when it's new."

In a short time thereafter they came to a grove,
Where the flocks they were feeding, a numberless drove,
Allan stood musing the flocks for to see,
"Step on," says the lady, "that's no pleasure to me."

A beautiful laddie, with green tartan trews,
And twa bonnie lassies were buchting in ewes,
They said—"Honoured master, you're welcome again,
Lang, lang have we look'd for your coming hame."

"Bucht in your ewes, lassies, and gang your way hame,
I've brought a swan frae the south, I have her to tame,
Her feathers are fallen, say where can she lie?"
"The best bed in the house her bed it shall be."

The lady's heart was far down, it couldna well rise
Till many a lad and lass came in with a phrase
To welcome the lady, to welcome her home—
Such a hall in the Highlands she never thought on.

The laddies did whistle, and the lassies did sing,
They made her a supper might served a king,
Long life and happiness they wished her all round,
And they made for the lady a braw bed of down.

Early next morning he led her outbye,
He bade her look round her as far's she could spy,
"These lands and possessions are yours, love, for aye,
Ye winna gae round them in a lang simmer day."

"O Allan! O Allan! I'm indebted to thee,
It's a debt, my dear Allan, I never can pay;
O Allan! O Allan! how came you for me?
Sure I'm not worthy your bride for to be."

"How call you me Allan, when Sandy's my name?
Why call you me Allan? Sure you are to blame;
For don't you remember when at the school with thee,
I was hated by all, but loved aye by thee?

"How oft have I fed on your bread and your cheese,
Likewise when you had but a handful of peas;
Your cruel-hearted father hound at me his dogs,
They tore my bare heels, and rave all my rags."

"Is this my dear Sandy whom I loved so dear?
I have not heard of you this many a year;
When all the rest went to bed, sleep was frae me,
For thinking what fate had been doled out to thee."

"My parents were born lang, lang before me,
Perhaps by this time they are drowned in the sea;
These lands and possessions they left them to me,
And I came for thee, love, to share them with thee.

"In love we began, and in love we will end,
And in joy and delight our days we will spend;
On a voyage to your father once more we will go,
And relieve the old man from his trouble and woe."

With men and maid-servants to wait them upon,
Away to her father in a chaise they are gone;
The laddie went foremost—the brave Highland loon—
Till they came to the road that leads into the town.

When he came to the gate he gave a loud roar—
"Come down, gentle farmer—see who's at your door,"
When he looked from the window and saw his child's face,
With his hat in his hand he made a great phrase.

"Keep on your hat, farmer, and don't let it fa',
For it sets not the peacock to bow to the craw,"
"It's hold your tongue, Sandy, and do not taunt me,
For my daughter's not worthy your bride for to be."

Now, he held his bridle-reins till he came down,
And then he conveyed him to a fine room;
With rejoicing and feasting the time flew away,
And the father and son lived in friendship for aye.

The above was long a popular favourite with the peasantry of the northern counties of Scotland, and copies of it are occasionally asked for even yet. As a literary effort it is much below mediocrity, but there is a charm about the story which has made it dear to the heart of the rural Scot. In Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Ballads* there is a modern and verbally improved version given, but I prefer to print here the old chapman's copy in all its rude simplicity.

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## THE WOOIN' O' JENNY AND JOCK.

Rob's Jock cam' to woo our Jenny,
On a'e feast day when we were fou;
She brankit fast and made her bonnie,
And said, "Jock, cam' ye here to woo?"
She burnist her, baith briest and broo,
And made her clear as ony clock;
Then spak' her dame, and said, "I trow,
Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock."

Jock said, "Forsooth, I yearn fu' fain
To loot my head and sit down by you,"
Then spak' her minny, and said again,
"My bairn has tocher gude to gie you,"
"Tee-hee!" quo' Jenny, "Keek, keek, I see you!
Minny, yon man mak's but a mock;"
"Beshrew thee, lear, fu' leeze me on you;
I came to woo you, Jenny," quo' Jock.

"My bairn has tocher o' her ain,
A goose, a gryce, a cock, and hen,
A stirk, a staig, an acre's sawin',
A bake-brod, and a bannock-stane,
A pig, a pot, and a kirn there ben,
A kame but and a kaming stock;
Wi' cogs and luggies nine or ten;
Came ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

"A wecht, a peat-creel, and a cradle,
A pair o' clips, a graip, a flail,
An ark, an aumry, and a ladle,
A milk-sey, and a sowen-pail,
A rousty whittle to shear the kail,
And a timmer mell the bear to knock,
Twa shelfs made o' an auld fir-dale,
Came ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

"A furm, a firlot, and a peck,
A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,
A tub, a barrow, and a sack,
A spurtle braid, and an ell-wand."

Then Jock took Jenny by the hand,
And cried, "A feast!" and slew a cock,
And made a bridal upo' land,
"Now I ha'e got ye, Jenny," quo' Jock.

"Now, dame, I have your bairn married,
Suppose you mak' it ne'er sae rough,
I let you wit she's no miscarried,
It's weel kent I ha'e gear enough.
An auld gaw'd gleyd fell ower a heugh,
A spade, a spit, a spur, a sock;
Withouten owsen I have a pleugh
To gang thegether, Jenny," quo' Jock.

"A treen trencher, a ram-horn spoon,
Twa bits o' barkit, blasnit leather,
A' graith that gangs to coble shoon,
And a thraw-crook to twine a tether,
Twa crocks that moup amang the heather,
A pair o' branks, and a fetter-lock,
A teuch purse made o' a swine's blether,
To haud yer tocher, Jenny," quo' Jock.

"Gude eldin for our winter fire,
A cod o' caff wad fill a cradle,
An airn rake to claut the byre,
A deuk about the dubs to paidle,
An auld pannel o' a saddle,
And Rob, my eem, hecht me a stock,
Twa lusty lips to lick a ladle,
May that no win you, Jenny?" quo' Jock.

"A pair o' hems, a brecham fine,
And wantin' bitts, a bridle-renzie,
A sark made o' the linkome-twine,
A gay green cloak that will not stainzie.
Mair yet in store—I needna feinzie.
Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock;
And are not thae a waukrife menzie
To gang to bed wi', Jenny?" quo' Jock.

"Tak' thae for my part o' the feast,
It is weel kent I am weel bodin;
Ye mayna say my part is least,
Were they as meikle as they're loden."
The wife cried, "Speed, the kail are sodden,
When we ha'e dune tak' hame the brock,"
The roast was teuch as raploch hoden—
With which they feasted Jenny and Jock.

This curious song of rustic courtship and marriage dates at least as far back as the Regency of Moray, as it finds a place in the Bannatyne Manuscript of 1568. Ramsay calls it "a very auld ballat," which is a careful and correct remark. It is, in fact, one of the oldest Scottish songs extant; and, among other peculiarities pertaining to it, is this, that, out of the long series of poems collected into the Bannatyne Manuscript, only it and "Feint a Crum of thee she faws" have been admitted into the many subsequent collections. Chambers says:—"The vanity of the mother-in-law, which leads her to give a catalogue of her daughter's worldly goods and chattels, and draws from the wooer an equally minute inventory of his possessions, may be considered fortunate for us, as we are thus furnished with an exhaustive picture of the 'guids and gear' of a Scottish yeoman of the Sixteenth Century." The information can scarcely be estimated, however, either at its real or approximate value, without a guarantee for the sincerity of the poet, and a full knowledge of the circumstance which may have provoked the song. Is it the author's intention to give a faithful picture of current manners and customs, or is he poking fun at some well-known local "match?" The latter reading of the song we feel most inclined to accept. Some of the articles quoted in the "guids and gear" of the

acting parties, such as "a teuch purse made of a swine's blether," "a ram-horn spoon," and "five hundred flaes," smack very strongly of humorous burlesque; and one noticeable feature in the song is that the "match" is a purely commercial one—no offering of love or mention of heart being made on either side. That every article mentioned in the song was possessed by the relative parties there is, perhaps, no reason to doubt; but that the catalogue gives "an exhaustive picture of the 'guids and gear' of a Scottish yeoman of the Sixteenth Century" is most unlikely.

There is a song, "Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock," suggestive of this, and to the air of which the above song is sung. Then there are slightly various readings, but the present copy, which has been modernised slightly in style of spelling and phraseology, is immeasurably the best.

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## TUGAL M'TAGGER.

WOULD you'll know me, my name it is Tugal M'Tagger,
She'll brought hersel' down frae the braes o' Lochaber,
To learn her nainsel' to be praw habberdaber
Or fine linen-draber, the tane or the twa.

She'll being a stranger, she'll look very shy-like:
She's no weel acquaint wi' your laich kintra dialect;
But, hooch! never heed, she's got plenty o' Gaelic—
She comes frae ta house at the fit o' Glendhu.

But her kilt she'll exchange for ta praw tandy trowser.
An' she'll learn to ta lady to scrape an' to pow, sir,
An' say to ta shentlemans, "How did you'll do, sir?"
An' ten she'll forgot her poor freen's o' Glendhu.

An' when she'll pe spoket ta laich kintra jabber,
She'll gie hersel' out for ta Laird o' Lochaber,
Shust come for amusements to turn habberdaber,
For tat will pe prawer tan herding ta cow.

She'll got a big shop, an' she'll turned a big dealer;
She was caution hersel', for they'll no sought no bailer,
But Tugal M'Tagger hersel' makes a failure—
They'll call her a bankrumpt, a trade she'll not knew.

They'll called a great meeting, she'll look very quiet now,
She'll fain win awa' but they'll tell her to wait now;
They'll spoket a lang time about her estate now;
I'll thocht that they'll thocht me ta Laird o' Glendhu.

They'll wrote a lang while about a trust deeder,
She'll no write a word, for hersel' couldna read her;
They'll sought compongzition, hooch! hooch! never heed her—
There's no sic a word 'mang ta hills o' Glendhu.

But had she her durk, hersel' would come o'er them,
They'll put her in jail when she'll stood there before them;
But faith she'll got out on a hashimanorum;
And now she's as free as ta win's o' Glendhu.

Eminently singable, and a humorous entertainment of no mean quality, the above is in addition one of the raciest examples of John Highlandman's English in verse or prose. It was sung into fame by Livingstone, the Scottish vocalist, at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, more than fifty years ago, and is worthy of the author of "Shon M'Nab," who has, indeed, sometimes been credited with the authorship. Not Sandy Rodger, however, but Dougal Graham, the Glasgow skellat-bellman and chap-book maker, wrote the song. Dougal Graham died in 1779. Until recently the song was widely sung.

## THE WICKED WIFE.

I THOUGHT when first I got a wife
A happy pair we'd be;
But she proves the torment o' my life—
We never can agree.
The thing I thought my greatest bliss
Is curse beyond compare;
And yet the worst o' a' is this,
She's mine for ever mair.

And she's aye plague, plaguing me,
She is aye plaguing me;
She's aye plague, plaguing me,
She never lats me be.

A week, indeed, and scarce that same,
A pleasing thing she was,
And ere the second Sabbath came
She made me cry, alas!
How often since, alas, I've cried,
It's needless here to tell,
But if the wyte is on my side,
The jade, she kens hersel'.

And she's aye ding, dinging me, etc.

I canna ca' my house my ain,
Nor onything that's in't,
And if I chance but ance to frown
She flies like fire frae flint.

My very hair I canna' cut,
  My clothes I canna' wear
In ony other fashion but
  What's pleasing to my dear.
    And she's aye rule, ruling me, etc.

She knows I like exceedingly
  A dainty dish of meat,
But she cooks it up so cursedly
  That a bite I canna' eat.
And if I chance to wry my mouth,
  Or even shake my head,
She bawls, "Ye're very nice, forsooth!"
  And bids me chew my cud.
    And she's aye starve, starving me, etc.

Its known I am as good mysel',
  As Socrates or Job,
Yet my ill-natured Jezebel
  Full soundly does me drub.
And when her barlick-moods are on,
  Which is right aft the case,
What first she lays her hands upon
  Comes thwack across my face.
    And she's aye thump, thumping me, etc.

No man can relish more than I
  A bottle and a friend;
But this is what I ne'er enjoy,
  Lest I should her offend.

Last night my neighbour Tom and I
Sat down our throats to wet;
She thunder'd out so dreadfully
I think I hear her yet.

And she's aye deave, deaving me, etc.

When I'm disposed for merriment
She's certain to be sad,
And when to seriousness I'm bent
She's altogether mad;
When I would like to hear her speak
She chooses to be dumb;
And when her silence most I seek,
She rattles like a drum.

And she's aye drum, drumming me, etc.

That wedlock is a Paradise,
Let those that ken it tell;
For sure in my experience
It's little else than hell.
But hope and comfort yet remain,
For soon will dawn the hour,
When Death will come and break the chain,
And free me from her power.

And she will soon, soon bury me,
She soon will bury me;
And she will soon, soon bury me,
As soon as I do dee.

Slightly collated, but chiefly from a chap-book bearing the imprint—"Falkirk, Printed at the New Printing Office, in the High Street, opposite to the Cross Well: where are sold variety of small History Books and Ballads." No date, but presumably between 1770 and 1780. Less worthy songs have found favour with the big collectors. Every man with a hen-pecked neighbour should welcome it now.

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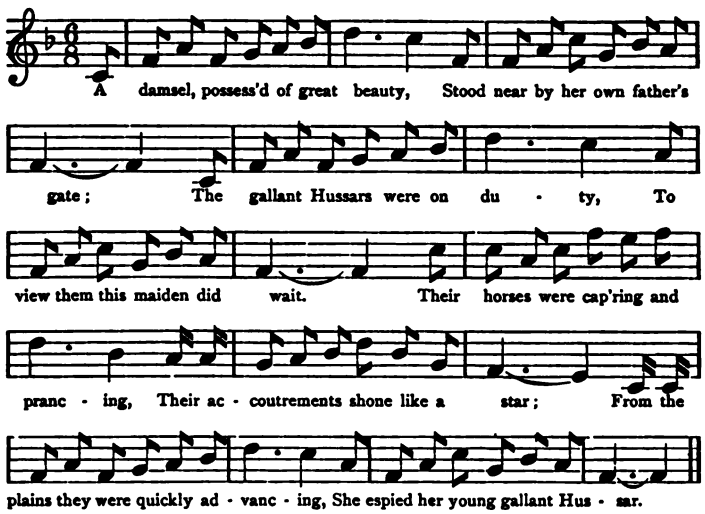
## THE GALLANT HUSSAR.




A DAMSEL possess'd of great beauty,
Stood near by her own father's gate;
The gallant Hussars were on duty,
To view them this maiden did wait.

Their horses were cap'ring and prancing,
  Their accoutrements shone like a star;
From the plains they were quickly advancing
  She espied her young gallant Hussar.

The pelisses slung over their shoulders,
  So careless they seem'd for to ride;
So warlike appeared those young soldiers,
  With glittering swords by their side.
To the barracks next morning so early,
  This damsel she went in her car,
Because that she loved him sincerely—
  Young Edwin, the gallant Hussar.

It was there she conversed with her soldier,
  These words they were heard for to say,
Said Jean, "I've a heart, none is bolder,
  To follow my laddie away."
"O fie," said young Edwin, "be steady,
  And think on the dangers of war,
When the trumpet sounds I must be ready,
  So wed not your gallant Hussar."

"For twelve months on bread and cold water,
  My parents confined me from you;
O, hard hearted friends to a daughter,
  Whose heart is so loyal and true!
But unless they confine me forever,
  Or banish me from you afar,
I will follow my soldier so clever,
  And wed with my gallant Hussar."

Said Edwin, "Your friends you must mind them,
Or else you're for ever undone;
They will leave you no portion behind them,
So, pray, do my company shun."
She said, "If you will be true-hearted,
I have gold of my uncle's in store;
From this time no more we'll be parted,
I'll wed with my gallant Hussar."

As he gazed on each beautiful feature,
The tears they did flow from each eye,
"I'll wed with this beautiful creature,
And forsake cruel war" he did cry.
So now they're united together,
Friends think on them now when afar,
Crying, "Heaven bless them now and for ever,
Young Jean and her gallant Hussar."

The poetry here is rather indifferent, but the music, which is original, and never before printed, so far as I know, is eminently worth preserving. The song was long a favourite with itinerant vocalists, as well as with the resident rural population all over West, Mid, and North Scotland.

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## THE WINSOME LASS O' GALLOWA'.

"O, HASTE ye, and come to our gate en',
And solder the stroup o' my lady's pan:
My lord's away to hunt the doe,"
Quo' the winsome lass o' Gallowa'.

"I ha'e a pan o' my ain to clout,
Before I can solder your lady's stroup,
And ye maun bide, my mettle to blaw,
My winsome lass o' Gallowa'.

"Now wad ye but leave your gay lady
And carry the tinkling tool wi' me,
And lie on kilns, on clean ait straw,
My winsome lass o' Gallowa'?"

"The fingers that starch my lady's frills,
Never could carry your tinkling tools;
Ye're pans wad grime my neck o' snaw,"
Quo' the winsome lass o' Gallowa'.

Her hair in hanks of golden thread
O'er milk-white shoulders lovely spread;
And her bonny blue een blinked love below,
My winsome lass o' Gallowa'.

I took her by the jimpy waist,
Her lips stood tempting to be kiss'd;
But whether I kiss'd them weel or no,
Ye may ask the lass o' Gallowa'.

"Now quat the grip, you gipsy loon,
You've touzl'd me till my breath is done,
And my lady will fret frae bower to ha'"
Quo' the winsome lass o' Gallowa'.

"Ye've coupit the soldering-pan, my lass,
And ye have scaled my clinks o' brass,
And my gude spoon caams ye've split in twa,
My winsome lass o' Gallowa'."

**There is a Border-tinkler song, which might well have been sung by Johnnie Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, even as it might be taken to describe a love episode in the great Border Gypsy's career.**

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## SAE WILL WE YET.

Sit ye down here, my cronies, and gi'e us your crack,
Let the wind tak' the care o' this life on its back;
Our hearts to despondency we never will submit,
For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet, etc.

The miser delights in the hoardin' o' his pelf,
Since he has na the soul to enjoy it himself;
The bounties o' Providence are new every day;
As we journey thro' life, let us live by the way.

Let us live by the way, etc.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy brown ale,
It will comfort our hearts, and enliven the tale:
We'll aye be the merrier the langer that we sit;
We've drank wi' ither mony a time, and sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet, etc.

Sae rax me your mill, and my nose I will prime,
Let mirth and sweet innocence employ a' our time;
Nae quarrelin' nor fechtin' we ever will admit;
We've parted aye in unity, and sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet, etc.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through;
His seed-time and harvest we ever will get;
We've lippen'd aye to Providence, and sae will we yet.

And say will we yet, etc.

Lang live the Queen, and happy may she be,
And success to her forces by land and by sea;
Her enemies to triumph we never will permit;
Britain aye has been victorious, and sae will she yet.

And sae will she yet, etc.

Let the glass keep its course, and gae merrily roun',
For the sun it will rise tho' the moon has gane down;
Till the house be rinnin' round about, it's time enough to flit;
When we fell we aye got up again, and sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet, etc.

This admirable song of good fellowship, which is often printed faultfully, was written by Walter Watson, of Chryston, near Glasgow, the author of "My Jockie's Far Awa'" and "The Unco Bit Want," and other excellent and esteemed lyrical pieces. It is likely, however, that an afterhand added some

verses. Anyway, neither the second, nor the fifth and sixth stanzas in our version are embraced in the posthumous edition of Watson's poems and songs published in 1877—twenty-three years after his death. I have given the song as it is generally sung. With reference to its quality the late Professor Blackie wrote shrewdly and well:—"It will be observed that not only the Queen on the throne, the army, the navy, and the producers of the staff of life, receive the loyal and grateful recognition that they deserve, but there is a vein of contentment and cheerful resignation running through it, which elevates the drinking-song into a sermon: and a sermon, too, preached on a text not the least prominent in a discourse (Matthew vi. 25-34), full of that mellow wisdom which all Christians profess to admire, but only a few attempt to realise." The song is one among many which the late David Kennedy sang into fame, equally among Scots at home and Scots abroad.

## O GIN JOCKY WAD BUT STEAL ME.

Bonnie Katie sittin' spinnin',
At her wheelie thus was singin'—
I would shortly burn my wheelie,
Jocky, lad, gin ye wad steal me.

O gin Jocky wad but steal me,
O gin Jocky wad but steal me;
I wad shortly burn my wheelie,
Jocky, lad, gin ye wad steal me.

My minny she's a cankart fairy,
Wadna lat me court wi' Harry;
Now he's gane, and left me lonely,
I ha'e nane but Jocky only.

O gin Jocky, etc.

I hae braws and I hae beauty,
An' I ken a woman's duty,
How to smile when Jocky claps me;
Oh how easy could he catch me!

O gin Jocky, etc.

Jocky cam', the ither mornin',
"Katie," says he, "are you scornin';
Do you really mean to try me?"
"Jocky, lad, I'll ne'er deny ye."

O gin Jocky, etc.

To kiss me then his mou' he dichted;
But afore he got it richted,
Minny wi' her iron poker,
She cam' o'er my starn quarter.

O gin Jocky, etc.

"Go," says she, "you saucy hussy,
To your wheelie, and be busy;
Gin I find you idle, Katie,
I will thump your rumple hearty."

O gin Jocky, etc.

Aye sin' syne I'm sadly stentit;
Aye sin' syne I have repentit,
That I ran na owre the burnie,
After Jocky, my dear honey.

O gin Jocky, etc.

Sin' syne I dare na set a fit out,
Judge ye, lasses, how I'm grippit;
Yet in spite o' her that bear me,
I will be my Jocky's dearie.

O gin Jocky, etc.

She thinks that I a nun will be,
And from my Jocky still keep free;
But that is far against my nature,
I like to kiss my Jocky better.

O gin Jocky, etc.

If I had Jocky by the hand,
And baith before the haly band,
I'd gi'e a' my pickle yarn,
That we were bedded in the barn.

O gin Jocky, etc.

And now, young lasses, when ye hear me,
Gi'e me justice, dinna jeer me;
If your minds were laid before us,
Ye wad sing this very chorus.

O gin Jocky wad but steal me,
O gin Jocky wad but steal me;
I wad shortly burn my wheelie,
Jocky, lad, gin ye wad steal me.

This interesting song is copied from a chap-book printed at Peterhead by P. Buchan, in 1817. On the title page of the chap-book it is written that the piece is by the Rev. John Skinner, the gifted author of "Tullochgorum." So

it may be, but, I notice, it does not appear in any edition of Skinner's poems and songs. No; and before it could find housing among these respectable Vagabonds, let me whisper, the rather free expressions of the heroine had to be modified in various places.

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## THE BANKS OF INVERURIE.

ONE day as I was walking, and down as I did pass,
On the banks of Inverurie I spied a bonnie lass;
Her hair hung o'er her shoulders broad, and her eyes like stars did shine,
On the banks of Inverurie, and oh! gin she were mine!

I ran, embraced this fair maid, as fast as e'er I could,
Her hair hung o'er her shoulders broad just like the threads of gold;
Her hair hung o'er her shoulders broad, and her eyes like drops of dew,
"On the banks of Inverurie I long to walk with you."

She says, "Young man, give over deluding of me so,
For after kissing cometh wooing, after wooing woe;
My tender heart you will ensnare and I'll beguilèd be;
On the banks of Inverurie I'll walk alone," said she.

She said, "Young man, give over, my company refrain,
I know you are of gentle blood, but of a graceless clan;
I know your occupation, lad, and good you cannot be;
On the banks of Inverurie, I'll walk alone," said she.

He said, "My pretty fair maid, the truth I'll not deny,
On the banks of Inverurie, twelve maids beguiled have I;
I own I used to flatter maids, but now I'll faithful be,
On the banks of Inverurie, if you will walk with me."

He put a horn to his lips, he blew both loud and shrill,
Till six-and-thirty armèd men came to their master's call;
He said, "I used to flatter maids, but now it shall not be,
On the banks of Inverurie my wedded wife you'll be.

"Come then, my pretty fair maid, and mount on horseback high,
And we will to a parson go, and that immediately;
And I will sing those lines with joy until the day I dee,
To the praise of Inverurie banks, where first I met with thee."

The above characteristic country ballad I wrote down recently from the singing of Mrs. Peter Rutherford, Wolfhill, Perthshire, who learned it from her mother, words and music both, more than fifty years ago. In *The Blackbird: A Selection of Celebrated Songs*, printed by T. Johnston, Falkirk, in 1818, I have since discovered a copy almost identical.

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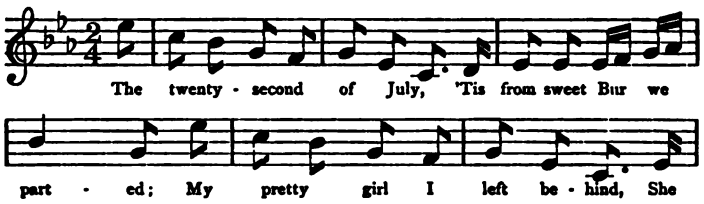
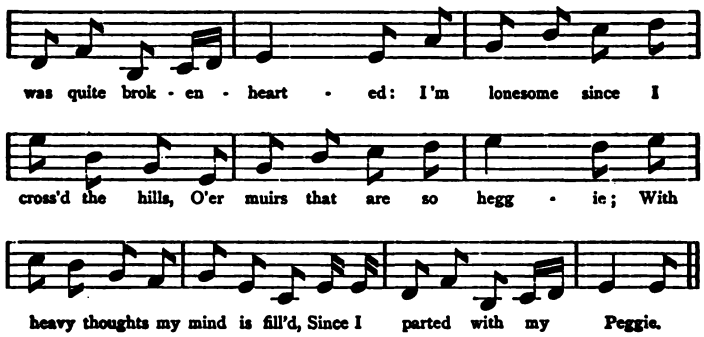
## THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.






THE twenty-second of July,
'Tis from sweet Bur we parted;
My pretty girl I left behind,
She was quite broken-hearted:
I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills,
O'er muirs that are so heggie;
With heavy thoughts my mind is fill'd,
Since I parted with my Peggie.

When I look back to view the place,
The tears do fall and blind me;
By thinking on the charming fair,
The girl I left behind me.
The time I do remember well
When first to'er she did move me;
And burning flames my heart do fill,
Since first she own'd she lov'd me.

Each made a promise still to keep,
That's why the tears do blind me;
And I'll bless the hours I pass'd away
With the girl I left behind me.
And if e'er I chance to go that road
And she has not resign'd me,
I'll reconcile my mind and stay
With the girl I left behind me.

There are several versions of this popular song, in Scotch and English, but the above, though it has been seldom printed, is the one which has been generally sung by wandering Scottish minstrels, and by the country people of Scotland; and I give that with the music. Following it, however, will be found a better song under the same title.

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## THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'm lonesome since we marched away,
And left the dear old city;
My heart will never more be gay,
While parted from my Kitty.
My comrades laugh and drink at eve,
But in their midst ne'er find me;
I only think sad thoughts and grieve
For the girl I left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the day,
When from my love I parted;
I had so much the wish to stay,
And she was broken-hearted.

Now when the fair I chance to see,
  Their charms do but remind me,
There is a maid more dear to me,
  In the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
  Her blue eyes brightly beaming,
Her cheeks where grows the crimson rose,
  I see all in my dreaming.
I seek for fame on fields of death,
  But should a bullet find me,
I'll pray to Heaven with my last breath,
  For the girl I left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
  The stream forget its motion,
When to the girl that I adore
  I pay not true devotion.
The powers that hold the hearts of men
  In bonds of love will bind me;
And send me safely back again
  To the girl I left behind me.

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## THE CLOWN'S COURTSHIP.

THERE lived ance a clown on yon knowes,
  Wha thought he wad hae a bit wifie;
To wait on his house an' his cows,
  For his siller was no very rife aye.

The laird o' the neighbourin' toun,
  Had dochters an' siller in plenty;
Thinks he, if the nest be na flown,
  Rejoice, for the chance shall be dainty.

He swallow'd a cog o' ait brose,
  An' thoucht it the best o' a' victual;
He put on his best suit o' clothes,
  An' he took aff his beard wi' a whittle.
He seized the wide-teeth stable kaim,
  An' lang at his hair wi't he clautit;
He maist tore the hide frae the bane,
  The hair was sae towsy an' waukit.

An oak cudgel he took in his hand,
  A nick o't richt sair it wad bruise ye;
He lilted awa' an' he sang,
  "I'm sure that she winna refuse me."
He'd been at the hall door before,
  But he kent na the ways o' the gentry,
So he leant a' his weicht on the door,
  An' fell wi' a clash in the entry.

Miss Jean an' the servants ran ben,
  To gaze on an' wonder at Johnnie;
He fixes his e'en on Miss Jean,
  For O, she was wond'rous bonnie!
Miss Jeanie, to haud up the joke,
  Did oxter him ben to her chamber;
An' aye as he e'ed her he spoke,
  An' said that she shined like the amber.

"Dear Jeanie, my errand to you's
To mak' ye a kind o' half-marrow,
To wait on the house an' the cows,
When I'm at the plough or the harrow.
Ye'll get porridge an' milk ilka morn,
An' butter an' cheese to your dinner,
The same again nicht for your corn—
Ye'll grow buxom as auld Lucky Genner.

"Now say, when will ye come hame,
An' dinna appear in a swither;
For gin ye'll no tak' me, my dame,
I'm just gangin' straucht to anither."
"Dear lad, if I should gi'e consent,
I'd wed at the auld man's displeasure;
So Johnnie, just e'en be content
An' gang an' find some ither treasure."

Her father, the while at the door,
Cam' in wi' an angry complexion;
At Johnnie he railed an' he swore,
An' threatened to bruize him an' vex him.
Poor Johnnie maist cowpit the creels
As he fled to the door in a hurry;
An' they hounded the dogs at his heels,
There ne'er was sic scurry an' worry.

They hooted, they pelted him sair,
As high ower the lea rigs he lowpit;
An' just when he couldna rin mair,
In a dyke-slouch head foremost he cowpit.

In the dirt thus besmeared to the e'en,
His braw new plaid claes met their ruin;
How an' when he got hame was ne'er seen,
But he swore he'd nae mair gang a-wooin'.

Sung to the air of "Tak' it, Man, tak' it," the above graphic and somewhat ingenious song has delighted many a Scottish country audience, at the bothy fire, in the village inn, and elsewhere. Versions of it have appeared in chap-books, but the present copy, so far as I am aware, has not previously appeared in print at all. A fair offer, the laird of Dumbiedikes held, "should be nae cause o' feud," and it will occur to most people that Johnnie received worse treatment on his courting expedition than his presumption should have provoked.

## THIS IS NO MY PLAID.

O THIS is no my plaid,
My plaid, my plaid;
O this is no my plaid,
Bonnie though the colours be.

The ground o' mine was mixed wi' blue,
I gat it frae the lad I lo'e;
He ne'er has gi'en me cause to rue,
And O! the plaid is dear to me.

Fareweel, ye lowland plaids o' gray,
Nae kindly charm for me ye ha'e;
The tartan shall be mine for aye,
For O! the colour's dear to me.

For mine was silky, saft and warm,
It wrapp'd me round frae arm to arm;
And like himsel' it bore a charm,
And O! the plaid is dear to me.

Although the lad the plaid wha wore
Is now upon a distant shore,
And cruel seas between us roar,
I'll mind the plaid that shelter'd me.

The lad that ga'e me't likes me well,
Although his name I daurna tell;
He likes me just as weel's himsel',
And O! the plaid is dear to me.

O may the plaidie yet be worn,
By Caledonians still unborn;
Ill fa' the wretch whae'er shall scorn
The plaidie that's sae dear to me.

Frae surly blasts it covers me,
He'll me himsel' protection gi'e,
I'll lo'e him till the day I dee,
And O! his plaid is dear to me.

I hope he'll no forget me now,
Each aften pledgèd aith and vow;
I hope he'll yet return to woo
Me in the plaid sae dear to me.

And may the day come soon, my lad,
When we will to the kirk and wed,
Weel happit in the tartan plaid—
The plaidie that's sae dear to me.

O! this will then be my plaid,
My plaid, my plaid;
O! this will then be my plaid,
And while I live shall ever be.

This is one of the commonest songs in the Scottish chap-books, from which fact I presume it to have been a popular favourite in the end of last century. Whitelaw prints an abridged version, and attributes the authorship to W. Halley, of whom, by the by, he gives no biographical or other particulars.

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## I WONDER WHA'LL BE MY MAN.

A' KINDS o' lads an' men I see,
The youngest an' the auldest;
The fair, the dark, the big, the wee,
The blatest, an' the bauldest.
An' mony a lauchin' canty ane,
An' mony a coaxin', sly man;
Hech, sirs, 'mang a' the lads that rin,
I wonder wha'll be my man.

I wonder whaur he is the noo—
I wonder gin' he's near me!
An' whaur we'll meet at first, an' hoo,
An' when he'll come to speir me,

I wonder gin he kens the braes—
  The bonnie braes whaur I ran;
Was't there he lived his laddie days?
  I wonder wha'll be my man.

O, gudesake! how I wish to ken
  The lad that I'm to marry,
The ane amang sae mony men—
  I wish I kent a fairy,
Or ony body that can see
  A farrer gait than I can—
I wonder wha the chiel's to be—
  I wonder wha'll be my man.

But, losh na! only hear to me,
  It's neither wise nor bonnie
In askin' wha the lad may be—
  I'll maybe ne'er get ony.
But if for me indeed there's ane,
  I think he's but a shy man,
To keep me crying, late an' soon,
  I wonder wha'll be my man.

This song of natural enquiry, common to every female heart, was written by Edward Polin, a native of Paisley, born in 1816, who originally followed the business of a pattern-setter in his native town, and in course of time adopted a journalistic career. For a space he acted as sub-editor of the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle*, and in 1843 accepted the editorship of the *Newcastle Courant*, in which year he was drowned in the course of a voyage to London.

## I WONDER WHA'LL BE MY WIFE.

A' KINDS o' queens an' belles I see,
The youngest an' the auldest—
The fair, the fause, the big, the wee,
The warmest an' the cauldest:
An' mony a lauchin' cantie ane,
For sic as they are aye rife—
Hech, sirs! I canna live my lane—
I wonder wha'll be my wife.

I wonder whaur she's stoppin' noo—
I wonder gin she's near me!
Or if her een be black or blue!
Or if she'll scratch an' tear me!
I wonder gin she'll bless my days,
Or be the plague o' my life!
Or if she'll pawn an' drink my claes!
I wonder wha'll be my wife.

For, by my sooth! I wish to ken
The wench that I maun marry;
For if I'm snubbed like other men
I'll send her to auld Harry.
Nae lass unkind or harsh to me
Shall e'er cut beef wi' my knife;
She maun ha'e heart an' hand to gie—
I wonder wha'll be my wife.

But losh na! only hear to me,
It's neither wise nor bonnie,
In askin' wha the lass may be,
I'll maybe ne'er get ony.
But if for me indeed there's ane,
I'll ha'e the cash, an' aye rife;
An' herd it weel to mak' her fain—
I wonder wha'll be my wife.

Amang her ither qualities,
Why, she maun do her duty,
By keepin' a' thing trig an' nice—
Let virtue be her beauty!
An' should I meet wi' ane like this,
I staun' by her through my life,
An' this will mak' our earthly bliss—
I wonder wha'll be my wife.

Suggested, no doubt, by the preceding song, the above, from an unknown hand, though less felicitously manipulated, forms an agreeable and natural companion to the earlier measure.

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## PATIE'S WADDIN'.

As Patie cam' up frae the glen,
Drivin' his wedders before him,
He met bonnie Meg gangin' hame—
Her beauty was like for to smoor him.

"O Maggie, lass, dinna ye ken
That you and I 's gaun to be married?
I'd rather had broken my leg,
Before sic a bargain miscarried."

"O Patie, lad, wha tell'd ye that?
I trow, o' news they've been scanty:
I'm nae to be married the year,
Though I should be courted by twenty!"
"Now, Maggie, what gars ye to taunt?
Is 't 'cause that I ha'ena a mailen?
The lad that has gear needna want
For neither a half nor a haill ane.

"My dad has a gude grey mare,
And yours has twa cows and a filly;
And that will be plenty o' gear:
Sae, Maggie, be na sae ill-willy."
"Weel, Patie, lad, I dinna ken;
But first ye maun speir at my daddie;
You're quite as weel born as Ben,
And I canna say but I'm ready.

"We ha'e wealth o' yarn in clews,
To mak' me a coat and a jimpey,
And plaidin' eneuch to be trews—
Gif I get ye, I shanna scrimp ye!"
"Now fair fa' ye, my bonnie Meg!
I'se e'en let a smackie fa' on ye:
May my neck be as lang as my leg,
If I be an ill husband unto ye!

"Sae gang your ways hame e'en now;
Mak' ready gin this day fifteen days,
And tell your auld father frae me,
I'll be his gude-son in great kindness."
Now, Maggie's as blythe as a wran,
Bodin' the blast o' ill weather,
And a' the gait singin' she ran,
To tell the news to her father.

But aye the auld man cried out,
He'll no be o' that mind on Sunday.
"There's nae fear o' that," quo' Meg;
"For I gat a kiss on the bounty."
"And what was the matter o' that?
It was naething out o' his pocket;
I wish the news were made true,
And we had him fairly bookit."

A very wee while after that,
Wha cam' to our biggin' but Patie?
Dress'd up in a braw new coat,
And, wow, but he thocht himsel' pretty!
His bonnet was little frae new,
And in it a loop and a slittie,
To draw in a ribbon sae blue,
To bab at the neck o' his coatie.

Then Patie cam' in wi' a stend;
Cried, "Peace be under the biggin'!"
"You're welcome," quo' William, "Come ben,
Or I wish it may rive frae the riggin'!

Now draw in your seat, and sit doun,
And tell's a' your news in a hurry:
And haste ye, Meg, and be dune,
And hing on the pan wi' the berry."

Quoth Patie, "My news is nae thrang;
Yestreen I was wi' his honour;
I've ta'en three rigs o' braw land,
And bound myself under a bonour;
And, now, my errand to you,
Is for Maggie to help me to labour;
But I'm fear'd we'll need your best cow,
Because that our haddin's but sober."

Quoth William, "To harl ye through,
I'll be at the cost o' the bridal,
I'se cut e'en the craig o' the yowe,
That had amaist dee'd o' the side-ill:
And that'll be plenty o' broe,
Sae lang as our well is na reested,
To a' the neebours and you;
Sae I think we'll be nae that ill feasted."

Quoth Patie, "O that'll do weel,
And I'll gie you your brose i' the mornin',
O' kail that was made yestreen,
For I like them best i' the forenoon."
Sae Tam, the piper, did play;
And ilka ane danced that was willin';
And a' the lave they rank'd through;
And they held the wee stoupie aye fillin'.

The auld wives sat and they chew'd;
And when that the carles grew nappy,
They danced as well as they dow'd
Wi' a crack o' their thooms and a happie.
The lad that wore the white band,
They ca'd him, I think, Jamie Mather,
He took the bride by the hand,
And cried to play up "Maggie Lauther."

Long a popular favourite among the peasantry of Scotland, this song was first printed by David Herd, in 1776. No trace of its author, or of its era or locality can be found. From its phraseology, however, one might guess it to belong to the far north. Whitelaw says the tune it goes with used to be sung to an old doggerel rant beginning:—

"We put the sheep's head in the pot,
Horns and a' thegether."

Well, if we grudge the loss of that original ditty, we cannot feel any regret surely because the system of cookery it describes has fallen into disuetude. It would make a rum potful. "Patie's Waddin'," no doubt, presents a pleasanter picture.

## ADIEU TO BOGIESIDE.

Assist me all ye muses,
My downcast spirits raise;
And join me in full chorus,
To sing brave Huntly's praise.
For I left the girl behind me,
Whose charms were all my pride;
When I said farewell to Huntly,
And adieu to Bogieside.

Down the road to Huntly Lodge,
With pleasant steps I've roved;
Almost inspired with rapture,
For the sweet girl I loved.
Who joined me in my rambles,
And chose me for her guide;
To walk upon sweet Deveron's banks,
Or on sweet Bogieside.

Farewell, ye lads o' Huntly,
I bid you a' adieu;
The pleasures of an evening walk,
I'll share nae mair wi' you.
But till my heart forgets to beat,
Or death will us divide;
I'll sing the praise o' Huntly town,
On bonnie Bogieside.

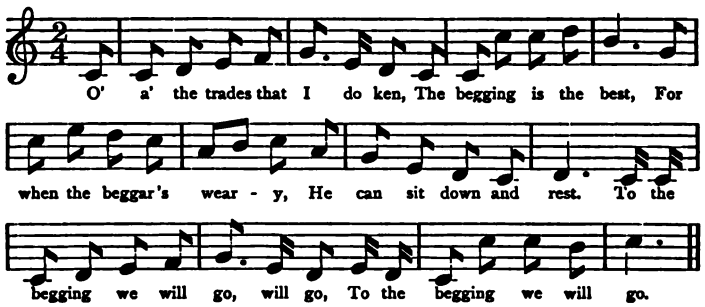
Farewell, ye pleasant plantains,
Of you I'll often talk;
Likewise the hawthorn bushes,
Which grace yon gravel walk.
The sky was clear and bonnie,
When on an even-tide,
I set me down to rest a while
Upon sweet Bogieside.

May the powers above protect the girl,
So young, and fair, and fine;
And keep her from all danger,
Who has this heart of mine.

And keep her in contentment,
  And always free from pride;
And I'll return to Huntly yet,
  And bonnie Bogieside.

Mr. John Ord, a native of the North of Scotland now residing in Glasgow, from whom I recently received the above, writes with regard to it—"This song is a great favourite in Strathbogie, and throughout the whole of the north-east of Scotland. So far as I am aware, it has only been once in print, viz., when it appeared, by request, in *The People's Journal* (Aberdeen and Banff edition), in the summer of 1878. I do not know who the author was, but I know the song has been in existence for not less than half a century."

## A-BEGGING WE WILL GO.




O' A' the trades that I do ken,
  The begging is the best;
For when the beggar's weary,
  He can sit down and rest.

To the begging we will go, will go,
To the begging we will go.

First I maun ha'e a meal-poke,
O' leather fitly made;
Will haud at least a firlot,
Wi' room for beef and bread.

Syne I will to the cobbler,
And gar him sort my shoon;
An inch thick i' the boddam,
And clouted weel aboon.

And I will to the greasy cook,
Frae him, will buy a hat,
Weel press'd and weather-beaten,
And glitterin' ower wi' fat.

And I will to the tailor,
Wi' a wab o' hodden grey,
And gar him mak' a cloak for me,
Will hap me nicht and day.

And I will to the turner gang,
And gar him turn a dish,
Will haud at least three chappins,
For less I couldna wish.

Then wi' my pike-staff in my hand,
To close my begging stock;
I'll go unto some lucky wife,
To hansel my new poke.

And yet ere I begin my trade,
I'll let my beard grow strang;
Nor pare my nails this year and day,
For beggars wear them lang.

I'll put nae water on my hands,
As little on my face;
For still the lowner like I am,
The mair my trade I'll grace.

And I'll look out my quarters,
Aye lang or it be late;
At ilka cosy corner
I'll ha'e a canny seat.

When I come to a farm-toun,
I'll say, wi' hat in hand;
"Will the beggar-man get quarters here?
Alas! I canna stand."

It's maybe the gudeman will say,
"Puir man, we ha'e nae room;
Gin a' our folks were in about,
We couldna lodge yer thoom."

Then maybe the gudewife will say,
"O, puir man, come in-bye;
We'll budge a bit, and mak' a seat,
It's been a cauldrife day."

And when they're a' come in about,
  Then I will start and sing,
And do my best to gar them lauch,
  A' round about the ring.

And when the gudewife rises up,
  To mak' the brose and kail;
Syne I'll tak' out my meal dish,
  And tramp it fu' o' meal.

It's likely the gudewife will say,
  "Puir man, put past yer meal;
Ye're welcome to your brose, I'm sure,
  Yer bread; ay, and yer kail."

In the mornin' I'll no stir mysel',
  Whae'er to labour cries;
Till the theevil on the parritch-pot,
  Will strike the hour to rise.

When twistin' up my meal-pokes,
  Before I gang awa';
It's then, nae doubt, the wife will say,
  "Come back our pan to claw."

If there's a waddin' in a toun,
  I'll airt me to be there;
And pour my kindest benisons,
  Upon the winsome pair.

And some will gi'e me beef and bread,
  And some will gi'e me cheese;
Syne I'll slip out amang the folk,
  And gather the bawbees.

And I will wallop out a dance,
  Or tell a merry tale;
Till some gude fellow in my dish,
  Will pour a sowp o' ale.

If begging is as gude's I think,
  And as I hope it may;
It's time that I was out the gate,
  And trudgin' ower the brae.

And if I chance to prosper,
  I may come back and tell;
But if the trade gaes backlin's,
  I'll keep it to mysel'.

To the begging we will go, will go,
To the begging we will go.

I have received no fewer than four manuscript copies of this really worthy and curious song, all differing materially, from correspondents in widely separated parts of Scotland; and in addition, one from a Scotsman long resident in America. The copy presented, however, is collated mainly from two of these—one from Banffshire, the other from Aberdeenshire. There is an English begging song with a similar refrain; but beyond the refrain and the measure, there is little resemblance, and no comparison, in respect of quality. The English song has been attributed to Richard Brome, who "performed a servant's faithful part" to rare Ben Jonson. The Scotch song, with which the above is almost identical, was written by Alexander Ross, of Lochlee, the gifted author of "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess."

## NEERIE NORRIE.

O, I'LL sing ye a sang, and I'll tell ye a tale,
Fal lal the dal, fal the dandie, O;
And it's a' very true, frae the head to the tail,
Wi' my neerie-norrie, neerie-norrie, nandie, O.

Owre the hill o' Benachie I saw a skate flee,
Fal lal, etc.,
And four and twenty little flookies chasin' her wi' glee,
Wi' my neerie, etc.

Four and twenty pairtrick were drawin' at a pleuch,
Fal lal, etc.,
And little robin redbreast haudin' weel eneuch,
Wi' my neerie, etc.

Four and twenty Hielandmen were ridin' on a snail,
Fal lal, etc.,
When up cam' the hindmost and trampit on her tail,
Wi' my neerie, etc.

The snail shot out her horns, just like a hummel coo,
Fal lal, etc.,
"Fie," quo' the foremost, "we'll a' be stickit noo,"
Wi' my neerie, etc.

Four and twenty tailors were killin' at a loose,
Fal lal, etc.,
"Hillo," says ane o' them, "he's fat and fu' a juice,"
Wi' my neerie, etc.

Four and twenty headless men were playin' at the ba',
Fal lal, etc.,
When by cam' footless, and took it frae them a',
Wi' my neerie, etc.

Up started mouless, and merrily he leuch,
Fal lal, etc.,
Up started tongueless and tauld his tale teuch,
Wi' my neerie, etc.

As I gaed by the mill door, out cam' Miller Reid,
Fal lal, etc.,
Wi' his bonnet on his feet, and his breeks upon his head,
Wi' my neerie, etc.

Then forth cam' the maiden—Miller Reid's mither,
Fal lal, etc.,
Riddlin' at her green cheese, and siftin' at her butter,
Wi' my neerie, etc.

Now, I've sung ye a sang, and I've tell'd ye a tale,
Fal lal, etc.,
And it's a' big lees frae the head to the tail,
Wi' my neerie, etc.

Peter Buchan prints a ballad somewhat resembling the above, in all but the beginning and the end, the inter-lines of which are, "Quo' the man to the joe, Quo' the man to the joe," and "Quo' the merry, merry men to the green joe." The present version was taken recently from the singing of Mr. Thomas Hill, Glasgow, who assures me it was much sung, as he sings it, in country districts in Forfarshire when he was a boy, more than forty years ago.

## THE EAST NEUK O' FIFE.

Oh, hey, hey, the east neuk o' Fife!
Oh, hey, hey, the east neuk o' Fife!
Oh, hey, hey, the east neuk o' Fife!
A weel-faur'd lass, and a canty wife.

A canty wife, a canty wife,
A weel-faur'd lass may be my wife;
Gae seek them whare ye'll find them rife,
There's wale o' them in the east neuk o' Fife.

It's lang, lang 'till Saturday at e'en,
It's lang, lang 'till Saturday at e'en,
It's lang, lang 'till Saturday at e'en,
But it's langer yet 'till Monday morn.

And then her answer she will gie,
And then I'll ken if she fancies me;
If she says na, fient a preen I care,
But I'll never spier a Fife lass mair.

Oh, hey, hey, the east neuk o' Fife!
Oh, hey, hey, the east neuk o' Fife!
Oh, hey, hey, the east neuk o' Fife!
A weel-faur'd lass, and a canty wife.

Who is not familiar with the fiddle-tune, "The East Neuk o' Fife," which has put life and mettle in the heels of many generations of our dance-loving Scottish people. Who? one may very reasonably ask, for I trow there are not many. Well, the above are the words which were wont to be sung to it, and I give them here because, though once well known, they have been seldom printed, and never before, I think, in any collection of songs. Sir Alexander Boswell, happy in various adaptations, wrote later words for the tune, to be sure. They are so felicitous that I cannot choose but quote them also. See next.

## GUDEMAN, YE'RE A DRUCKEN CARLE.

O, AULD gudeman, ye're a drucken carle, drucken carle;
A' day lang ye wink and drink, an' gape an' gaunt;
O' sottish loons ye're the pink an' pearl, pink an' pearl,
Ill-faur'd, doited ne'er-do-weel.

Hech, gudewife, ye're a flytin' body, flytin' body,
*Will* ye hae, but gude be praised, the *wit* ye want;
The puttin' cow should be aye a doddy, aye a doddy;
Mak' na sic an awsome reel.

Ye're a soo, auld man, ye get fou, auld man;
Fye for shame, auld man, to your wame, auld man.
Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow,
A plack to cleed your back an' pow.

It's a lee, gudewife, it's your tea, gudewife;
Na, na, gudewife, ye spend a', gudewife.
Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,
Ye like a drap fu' weel yoursel'.

Ye'se rue, auld gowk, your jest an' frolic, jest an' frolic,
Dare ye say, goose, I ever liked to tak' a drappie?
An' 'twer'na just to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,
Deil a drap wad weet my mou'.

Troth, gudewife, an' ye wadna swither, wadna swither,
Soon to tak' the cholic, when it brings a drap o' cappie.
But twa score years we ha'e foucht thegither, foucht thegither;
Time it is to 'gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld John; ower lang, auld John,
For noucht, gude John, we ha'e foucht, gude John,
Let's help to bear ilk' ither's wecht,
We're far ower feckless now to fecht.

Ye're richt, gude Kate, this nicht, gude Kate,
Our cup, gude Kate, we'll sup, gude Kate;
Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
An' toom the stoup atween us twa.

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## JOHNNIE AND MARY.

Down the burn and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd ower his brow;
Johnnie, liltin', tuned his reed,
And Mary wiped her bonnie mou'.
Dear she lo'ed the well-known song,
While her Johnnie, blythe and young,
Sang her praise the whole day long.

Down the burn and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd ower his brow;
Johnnie, liltin', tuned his reed,
And Mary wiped her bonnie mou'.

Costly clothes she had but few,
Of rings and jewels nae great store;
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnnie, wisely, wished no more.

Love's the pearl, the shepherd's prize,
Ower the mountain, near the fountain,
Love delights the shepherd's eyes.

Down the burn, etc.

Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnnie could not these impart;
Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth,
Was still her faithfu' Johnnie's heart.
Sweet the joy that lovers find,
Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
Where the heart is always kind.

Down the burn, etc.

Clearly an imitation of the Caledonian manner, and interesting mainly as such, the above was introduced as a Scotch song in Bickerstaff's opera of *Love in a Village*, first acted at Covent Garden, London, in 1762. It was a favourite with Scottish chap-book publishers in the early years of the century.

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## THE FLITTIN' O' THE COO.

In summer, when the fields were green,
An' heather bells bloomed ower the lea,
An' hawthorns lent their leafy screen,
A fragrant bield for bird an' bee;
Our hawkie in the clover field
Was chewin' her cud wi' gratefu' mou',
And our gudewife, wi' eydent hand,
Had just been out to flit the coo.

O, our gudeman's a leal gudeman,
But nane maun daur to say him na;
There's nae a laird in a' the lan'
Wi' higher hand maintains the law,
Though he be poor he's unco proud,
An' aye maun be obeyed at hame;
An' there, when he's in angry mood,
Wha conters him may rue the same,

"Gae flit the coo!" says our gudeman—
Wi' ready tongue the dame replies,
"Gudeman, it is already done"—
"Gae flit the coo!" again he cries.
"My will ye'll do wi' hand an' heart,
If ye're a wife baith kind an' true;
Obedience is the woman's part—
Make haste, gudewife, an' flit the coo!"

"Gudeman, ye're surely clean gane gyte,
The coo's already flittit been;
To see you fume an' hear you flyte,
I ferlie meikle what ye mean.
What need to gang an' do again
The thing that I ha'e done e'en noo?
What idle tantrum's this ye've ta'en?"—
"I say, gudewife, gae flit the coo!"

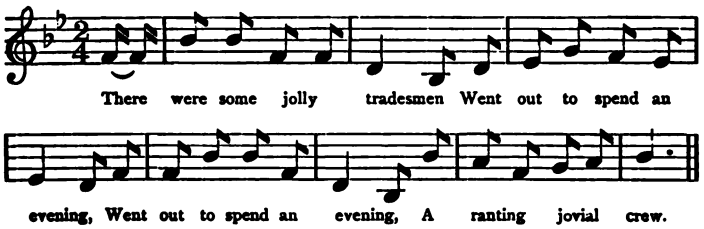
"Gudeman, when we were lad an' lass,
Your tongue was like a honey-kame,
An' aye ye vow'd ye'd ne'er prove fause,
But kythe like ony lamb at hame.

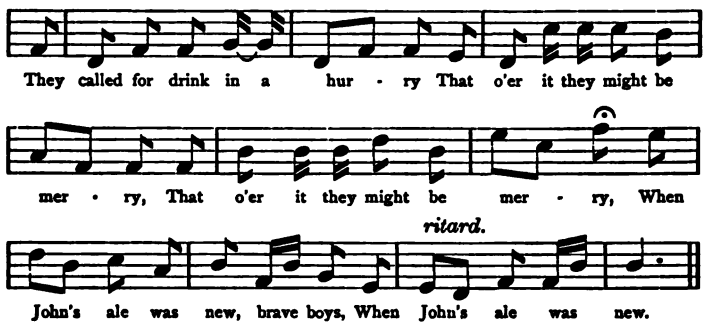
But noo ye look sae dark an' doure,
  Wi' angry e'e and crabbit mou',
Ye gar me aften rue the hour "—
  "I say, gudewife, gae flit the coo!"

Syne he began to loup an' ban,
  When out the wife flew in a huff;
"Come back! come back!" cries our gudeman,
  "Come back! obedience is enough!
My sovereign will ye maun obey,
  When my commands are laid on you;
Obedient, baith by night an' day,
  An' ready aye to flit the coo!"

Alexander Smart, the author of this ingenious song of rural life and character, was a native of Montrose, born in 1798. Bred to watch-making, he ultimately adopted a journalistic career, and served successively on the staff of the *Montrose Chronicle* and the *Dundee Courier*. Later, he attained to the position of press-overseer in a large printing office in Edinburgh. He died in Morningside Lunatic Asylum in 1866. Some of Smart's child songs in *Whistle Binkie* are among the most highly esteemed pieces in that perennial work.

## WHEN JOHN'S ALE WAS NEW.






THERE were some jolly tradesmen,
Went out to spend an evening,
Went out to spend an evening,
A ranting jovial crew;
They called for drink in a hurry,
That o'er it they might be merry,
That o'er it they might be merry.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
When John's ale was new.

There soon came in a hatter,
Who asked what was the matter;
He scorned to drink cold water,
Amongst the jovial crew;
He dashed his hat upon the ground,
Said, "Every man must drink a crown;"
The company drank his health around.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
When John's ale was new.

There next came in a dyer,
Who sat down by the fire;
And no man could be higher,
  Amongst the jovial crew;
He told the landlord to his face,
The chimley corner was the place,
Where he would sit and dye his face.

  When John's ale was new, brave boys,
  When John's ale was new.

In came a jolly mason,
His hammer to put a face on;
No man could be more decent,
  Amongst the jovial crew;
He dashed his trowel against the wa',
And wished the kirk and tower should fa',
Then work would be for masons a'.

  When John's ale was new, brave boys,
  When John's ale was new.

There next came in a soldier,
No captain e'er looked bolder;
His gun on his right shoulder,
  His good broad sword he drew;
"The French," quoth he, "are fear'd to fight—
They know we keep our bayonets bright,
So we will spend a jovial night.

  When John's ale is new, brave boys,
  When John's ale is new."

Next came a tailor, nimble,
With lapbroad, shears, and thimble;
And, oh, how he did tremble,
Amongst the jovial crew;
They made him pay for drink and smoke,
Until poor snip was fairly broke,
And he was forced to pawn his cloak.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
When John's ale was new.

There next came in a tinker,
Who was no small-beer drinker;
He scorned to be a trinker,
Amongst the jovial crew;
He had rivets made of metal,
To mend each broken kettle;
What he drank he swore he'd settle.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
When John's ale was new.

Last came a rag-man wary,
His rag-bags he did carry,
And he sought to be merry,
Amongst the jovial crew;
He threw his wallets on the ground,
Said he would pay for drink a crown;
They drank his health right merrily round.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
When John's ale was new.

The ale was aye improving,
None ever thought of moving;
The longer they sat bousing,
The greater friends they grew;
They drank each man full glasses,
Till they were drunk as asses,
And the rag-bags burnt to ashes.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
When John's ale was new.

Originally in some form, I suspect, from the south of the Tweed, the above rant has yet enjoyed a firm hold, and received embellishments here, where distilling of whisky more than brewing of ale abounds. I have talked with many persons, at any rate, not yet greatly stricken in years, who remember it as a popular song at small convivial gatherings in village inns and in city tap-rooms in Scotland, when they were young. Of the particular John, who brewed such tempting ale, it would be interesting to have personal notanda, but none is to hand. On the occasion described at least, his house must have presented a scene not less wildly bachanalian than the revels of the *Jolly Beggars*, as depicted by Burns, in Poosie Nancy's lodging-house in Mauchline; an excess of drinking and high jinks happily little known in those more rational times, or, when discovered, not deemed a subject fit for celebration in song. The version here printed is collated from a broad-sheet copy, and several in manuscript received from correspondents. A very serviceable copy was one obtained from Mr. Duncan Graham, Crieff, from whose singing the air was written for us by his friend, Mr. Alexander Christie.

## TOM BROWN.

The King shall take the Queen,
And the Queen shall take the Jack;
And we shall all be merry, boys,
When we get drunk with sack.

Here's to you, Tom Brown,
To you my jolly lad;
For you and I shall drink a crown,
When money can be had.

The Jack shall take the Ten,
And the Ten shall take the Nine;
And we shall all be merry, boys,
When we get drunk with wine.

Here's to you, Tom Brown, etc.

The Nine shall take the Eight,
And the Eight shall take the Seven;
And we shall all have oysters, boys,
When we get to Newhaven.

Here's to you, Tom Brown, etc.

The Seven shall take the Six,
And the Six shall take the Five;
And we shall all be merry, boys,
As now we're all alive.

Here's to you, Tom Brown, etc.

The Five shall take the Four,
And the Four shall take the Three;
And we shall all be merry, boys,
As now we all agree.

Here's to you, Tom Brown, etc.

The Three shall take the Two,
And the Two shall take the One;
And we shall all be merry, boys,
As now our song is done.

Here's to you, Tom Brown, etc.

From a chap book published by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, Glasgow. 1806.

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## I'LL PRIE YOUR BONNIE MOU', LASSIE.

Come, gie's a kiss, my bonnie lass,
And lean upon my bosom, O;
Or wi' your sweet lips prie the glass,
'Twill taste like roses blossom, O.
Tho' seated 'mang an unco hive,
O' blythesome chiel's for drinkin', O,
Wha wi' the cup and noggin strive,
To drown their cares o' thinkin' O.

I'll prie your bonnie mou', lassie,
Weeld ye wi' a warmin' kiss;
For nane but you, my true lassie,
Can bestow sic charmin' bliss.

This a' my dower, a heart fu' leal,
A random gift o' rhymin', O;
A mind that's made to think and feel,
Ne'er at my lot repinin', O.

A loving wish to mak' you mine,
A soul that loves ye dearly, O;
Sae ye may mak' my lairdship thine,
I've tauld ye a' sincerely, O.

I'll prie your bonnie mou', lassie, etc.

Sae sang I to my bonnie maid,
And pried her lovely lippie, O;
Her rosy cheek to mine I laid,
And took the tither sippie, O.
While Wooster Jock, wi' gloomy glower,
Banged up the mutchkin pingle, O;
And when I kiss'd his trysted flower,
He dash'd it in the ingle, O.

I'll prie your bonnie mou', lassie, etc.

His bardship at the ingle sat,
Wi' musin' potions dizzy, O;
Ga'e thro' Pegasus's wings a keek,
My stars! a bonnie hizzie, O.
He swore by Heliconian spring
Nae mair to mount Pegasus, O;
His fancy soar'd on higher wing,
Amang the bonnie lasses, O.

I'll prie your bonnie mou', lassie, etc.

A hame-spun loon, wi' bonnet blue,
The gill-stoup was caressin', O;
Cries "Wow! the wind is turn'd, I trow,
For sin is grace embracin', O."

A tough-tried saunt o' Cameron race,
Gazed wi' true gospel-rapture, O,
And cries, "My bairn, wi' gifts o' grace,
Ye can a bonnie chapter, O."

I'll prie your bonnie mou', lassie, etc.

My thrillin' heart, wi' lovin' beat,
Against my breast gaed thumpin', O;
My bluid, aroused to genial heat,
In flowin' tides ran jumpin', O.
Her een, like starnies set in blue,
Her face sae mildly bloomin', O,
Her tender smile sic witchcraft threw,
Wad Nature's self illumine, O.

I'll prie your bonnie mou', lassie, etc.

Though rough frae nature's quarry torn,
Nor polish'd by instruction, O,
Maun bide the touts o' learnin's horn,
And College-taught correction, O.
I ha'e a fond, undauntin' heart,
Whae'er was the Creator, O,
That soars aboon the lettered art,
To gifts ne'er gi'en by Nature, O.

I'll prie your bonnie mou', lassie, etc.

Tho' now my youthful bluid be warm,
The raven's wing my tresses, O;
And fancy still has power to charm,
A sigh frae 'mang the lasses, O.

I'll store up a' my love for thee,
And press you to my bosom, O;
Your wisdom's bloom will pleasure me,
When eild has cropp'd your blossom, O.

I'll prie your bonnie mou', lassie, etc.

From a chap book published by T. Johnston, Falkirk (no date).

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## THE WEE TOUN CLERK.

As Mysie she gaed up the street,
Some white fish for to buy;
The wee toun clerk he heard her feet,
And he followed her by and by, by,
And he followed her by and by.

"O, where liv
I pray ye
For gin th
I wad
I wa

"

"O, I will get a ladder made,
Full thirty steps and three;
I'll syne get up to the chimla-tap,
And then come down to thee, thee;
And then come down to thee."

The clerk he had a true brither,
And a wily wicht was he;
And he has made a lang ladder,
Was thirty steps and three, three;
Was thirty steps and three.

He has made a cleek but and a creel,
A creel but and a pin;
And he's awa' to the chimla-tap,
And he's latten the wee clerk in, in;
And he's latten the wee clerk in.

The auld wife couldna sleep that nicht,
Tho' late, late was the hour;
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man in our dochter's bower, bower;
There's a man in our dochter's bower."

The auld man he gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true;
But she's ta'en the wee clerk in her arms,
And covered him owre wi' blue, blue;
And covered him owre wi' blue.

"O where are you gaun now, father," she says;
"Where are you gaun sae late?
Ye've disturbed me in my evening prayers,
And O, but they were sweet, sweet;
And O, but they were sweet."

"O, ill betide ye, silly auld wife,
And an ill death may ye dee;
She has the gude book in her arms,
And she's praying for you and me, me;
And she's praying for you and me."

The auld wife still lay wauken yet,
Till something mair was said;
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man by my dochter's bed, bed;
There's a man by my dochter's bed."

The auld wife then gat up hersel',
To see if the thing was true;
But what the wrack took her fit in the dark,
For into the creel she flew, flew;
For into the creel she flew.

The man that was at the chimla-tap,
Finding the creel was fu';
He wrappit the rope his elbow round,
And fast to him he drew, drew;
And fast to him he drew.

"O, help! O, help! my hinny, noo help!
O, help! my hinny, do;
For *him* that ye hae wished me at,
He's carryin' me aff just noo, noo;
He's carryin' me aff just noo."

"O, gin the foul thief's gotten ye, wife,
I wish he may keep his haud;
For a' the lee-lang winter's nicht,
Ye'll never lie in your bed, bed;
Ye'll never lie in your bed."

He's towed her up, he's towed her doun,
He's towed her through and through;
"O, Gude assist!" cried the silly auld wife,
"For I'm just departin' noo, noo;
For I'm just departin' noo."

He's towed her up, he's towed her doun,
He's let the creel doun fa';
Till every rib i' the auld wife's side,
Played nick-nack on the wa', wa';
Played nick-nack on the wa'.

O, the blue, the bonnie, bonnie blue,
And I wish the blue aye weel;
And may every jealous silly auld wife,
Be rock'd in the same auld creel, creel;
Be rock'd in the same auld creel!

The above graphic and clever ballad, though it has been seldom printed, unless in mangled form in obscure publications, is perhaps more than two hundred years old. While it has been ignored by, or has eluded, the major collectors, however—down to Whitelaw—it has been preserved by the people; and it is not many years since I heard it sung by a Paisley gentleman, who never saw it in print. I plead guilty to a few simple and necessary emendations of the text. Whitelaw gives it the title of "The Keach i' the Creel," but its better known name is "The Wee Toun Clerk." Motherwell mentions the ballad merely in the appendix to his "Minstrelsy."

## THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.

THE auld man's mare's dead;
The puir man's mare's dead;
The auld man's mare's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee.

There was hay to ca', and lint to lead,
A hunder hotts o' muck to spread,
And peats and truffs and a' to lead—
And yet the jaud to dee!

She had the fiercie and the fleuk,
The wheezloch and the wanton yeuk;
On ilka knee she had a breuk—
What ail'd the beast to dee?

The auld man's mare's dead;
The puir man's mare's dead;
The peats, and neeps, and a' to lead,
And she is gane—wae's me!

She was lang-tooth'd and blench-lippit,
Heam-hough'd and haggis-fittit,
Lang-neckit, chandler-chaftit,
And yet the jaud to dee!

She was cut-luggit, painch lippit,
Steel-wamet, staincher-fittit,
Chanler-chaftit, lang-neckit,
And yet the brute did dee!

The auld man's mare's dead;
The puir man's mare's dead;
The auld man's mare's dead—
A better ne'er did dee.

The puir man's head's sair,
Wi' greetin' for his gude grey mare;
He's like to dee himsel' wi' care,
Aside the green kirk-yard.

He's thinkin' on the bygane days,
And a' her douce and canny ways;
And how his ain gudewife, auld Bess,
Micht maist as weel been spared.

The auld man's mare's dead;
The puir man's mare's dead;
The auld man's mare's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee.

Patrick, or Patie Birnie, the author of the original of this humorous old ditty, was a well-known rhymer and fiddler in Kinghorn, Fifeshire, where he flourished towards the close of the seventeenth and in the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. His portrait, painted by Aikman, is still extant, and exhibits, as Chambers remarks, "a face mingling cleverness, drollery, roguery, and impudence in harmonious proportions." Patie is described as being at the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, probably as one of the militia of his native county; but, Horace like, he ran away, and never stopped till he landed in Edinburgh. With a dwarf, named Stocks, who danced on the table to the strains of his violin. Patie gave entertainments in the inns of Fife, and seldom failed to secure a paying auditory. In 1721 Allan Ramsay published an "Elegy on Patie Birnie," in which, while describing the violer's deportment towards inn company, he says :—

"—— soon his face wad mak' ye fain,
When he did sough;
'O wiltu, wiltu, do't again,'
And graned and leuch.

This sang he made frae his ain head,
And eke 'The auld man's mare she's dead,
And peats and turrs and a' to lead,'
O fye upon her!
A bonnie auld thing this, indeed,
An't like your honour.

After ilka tune he took a sowp, etc."

There are two versions of the song, sometimes varying, but always printed distinctly in the song collections. Singers, however, have frequently made one song of the two, and I have printed it above in the collated form, such as it has been often sung with rare effect.

## TA CLERK IN TA OFFISH.

Noo Rosie she'll be prood, an' Rosie she'll be praw,
She'll be whiter than ta roses, an' redder than ta snaw;
For ta praw, praw lad's come an' tookit her awa';
She's a praw lad, a clerk in an offish.

Wi' my hi hoo honel, an' my honel hoo hi,
Camlachie, Auchtermuchty, Ecclefechan, an' Mullguy;
Wi' my hi hoo honel, an' my honel hoo hi,
She's a praw lad, ta clerk in ta offish.

Ay, an' this praw lad was o' shentle parents porn,
Her great grandfather was head piper to Lord Shon, Shuke o' Lorn;
An' her nainsel's ancestor he played upon ta horn,
She's a praw lad, ta clerk in ta offish.

Ay, an' this praw lad, when she was but a pairn,
She was sent to ta College her eedication to learn;
An' oh, but she could tell hoo mony panes was in a herrin',
She's a praw lad, ta clerk in ta offish.

Ay, an' this praw lad she could tell ye a' forbye,
Hoo mony sousan' miles Ben Nevis she'll be high;
An' hoo mony million stars will be hangin' in ta sky,
She's a praw lad, ta clerk in ta offish.

Na, she'll no took ta mason, an' she'll no took ta wright,
She'll no took ta weaver, ta toosie-lookin' sight;
But she'll shust took ta lad scrapes ta black upon ta white,
Wi' a sma' ponny stick in an offish.

O, we'll a' be prood o' Rosie, o' Rosie we'll be prood,
An' on ta very place this present moment she'll stood;
For she's married to ta lad that's come o' shentle plood,
Ta praw lad, ta clerk in an offish.

Here is a song not less grotesquely funny than Alexander Rodger's "Shon M'Nab," or the half-dozen or more efforts in the same vein of humorous caricature from the pen of Alexander Fisher, which adorn the pages of *Whistle Binkie*. It belongs also, I fancy, to a not much later date. Anyway, it was a common song in the East and West of Scotland alike more than thirty years ago. Recently it was revived in one of the Glasgow Christmas pantomimes, since when its vogue has greatly increased. It has been seldom printed, and not previously in any collection. The air is "Johnnie Cope."

## TULLOCHGORUM.

COME, gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes a' aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
To drop their Whig-mig-morum;
Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
To spend this night in mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
For blythe and cheerie we's be a',
Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
Blythe and cheerie we's be a',
And mak' a happy quorum.

For blythe and cheerie we's be a',
As lang as we ha'e breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be sae great a phraise,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gi'e our ain strathspeys,
For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum:
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Scottish taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fears o' want, and double cess,
And sullen sots themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever rise to shake a fit
In the reel o' Tullochgorum?

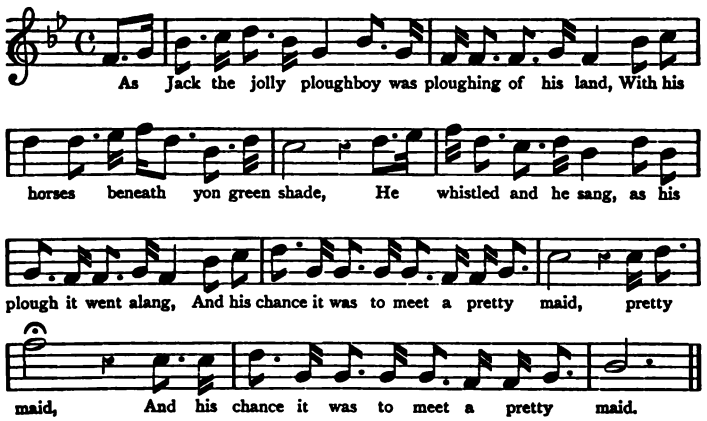
May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
  And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
  And dainties a great store o' 'em:
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by ony vicious spot!
And may he never want a groat
  That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

But for the sullen, frampish fool,
That loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
  And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
  And nane say, Wae's me, for 'im!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be, that winna dance
  The reel o' Tullochgorum!

By no means rare, and with little of the vagabond about it, this song yet claims our attention by virtue of its character and vigour. Where would it not be welcome? Burns declared it "the best Scotch sang e'er Scotland saw," and Dr. Robert Chambers, with cooler criticism, claims for it "a national as well as a patriotic character." As everybody knows, it was written by the Rev. John Skinner, of Linshart, to whom the world is also indebted for "The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn," included in our first series. Burns, who corresponded

with Skinner, relates how the lyric masterpiece of his poet-friend had its origin. The author had been visiting at a friend's house in the town of Ellon, whose name was Montgomery, and Mrs. Montgomery having observed *en passant* that the beautiful reel of "Tullochgorum" wanted words, she entreated Mr. Skinner to supply them. Meantime, we may note, a discussion had arisen among the guests on the subject of Whig and Tory politics, and the poet, quick to the summons, snatched his cue from the passing circumstance, and finished the song before leaving the house. The tune of "Tullochgorum" is very old, and the composer unknown.

## THE JOLLY PLOUGHBOY.




As Jack the jolly ploughboy was ploughing of his land,
With his horses beneath yon green shade,
He whistled and he sang, as his plough it went alang,
And his chance it was to meet a pretty maid, pretty maid,
And his chance it was to meet a pretty maid.

O, he whistled and he sang as his plough it slade alang,
"She's a maiden of higher degree;
If her parents come to know she is courted on the plain,
They will send her bonnie laddie to the sea, to the sea,
They will send her bonnie laddie to the sea."

It happen'd to be so when her parents came to know,
That she was being courted on the plain;
A press-gang o' soldiers did hurry him awa',
And they sent him to the wars to be slain, to be slain,
And they sent him to the wars to be slain.

Now she's dress'd herself up in a young man's array,
With her pockets well-linèd with gold;
And she marched up the street so nimbly and so neat,
That she look'd like a jolly sailor bold, sailor bold,
That she look'd like a jolly sailor bold.

The first that she met was a mounted dragoon,
She said, "Did you see my dear swain?"
"He is sailing on the deep, he is off to face the fleet,
He's awa' to the wars to be slain, to be slain,
He's awa' to the wars to be slain."

She went to the captain that ruled o'er the ship,
And to him she did grievously complain;
She said, "I'm gone a-seeking for my jolly ploughboy,
They have sent him to the wars to be slain, to be slain,
They have sent him to the wars to be slain."

She has pullèd out her purse of five hundred pounds,
Of five hundred pounds, ay, and more;
And she paid it freely down for her jolly ploughboy,
And she rolled him in her arms to the shore, to the shore,
And she rolled him in her arms to the shore.

Oh, happy was the day when thae twa lovers met,
And trials they've since had no more;
They whistle and they sing till the woods and valleys ring,
Since she's found out the laddie she adores, she adores,
Since she's found out the laddie she adores.

Copies of this song, only slightly varying, I have received from correspondents north, south, east, and west, all of whom testify to its popularity among the country people. In the rural districts of Perthshire, I am sure, no song was better known forty years ago, and it is still occasionally sung, I am told, both in Aberdeenshire and in Roxburghshire. I have never seen it in print.

## THE MASSACRE OF TA PHAIRSHON.

Phairshon swore a feud
Against the Clan M'Tavish;
And marched into their land
To murder and to rafish;
For he did resolve
To extirpate the pipers,
With four-an-twenty men
And five-and-thirty pipers.

Yochen, ochen, oo!
Yochen, ochen, adle!
Yochen, ochen, oo!
Yochen, ochen, o-o-o!

But when he had gone
  Half-way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
  Just three were remainin';
They were all he had
  To back him in ta battle;
All the rest had gone
  Off to drive ta cattle.

"Fery coot!" cried Phairshon,
  "So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fight
  Pefore we touch ta peasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh,
  Coming wi' his fassals—
Gillie's seventy-three,
  And sixty Dhuinéwassails!"

"Coot tay to you, sir!
  Are you not ta Phairshon?
Was you coming here
  To fisit any pershon?
You are a plackguard, sir!
  It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
  Since my glen was plundered."

"Fat is tat you say?
  Dare you cock your peaver?
I will teach you, sir,
  Fat is coot pehaviour!

You shall not exist
  For another day more;
I will shoot you, sir,
  Or stap you with my claymore!"

"I am fery glad
  To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
  Any such intention."
So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
  Gave some warlike howls,
Trew his skhian-dhu,
  And stuck it in his powels.

In this fery way
  Tied the faliant Phairshon,
Who was always thought
  A superior pershon.
Phairshon had a son
  Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled the Flood
  By drinking up ta water.

Which he would have done,
  I at least pelieve it,
Had ta mixture peen
  Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale,
  Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye,
Here's your fery coot healths
  And tamn ta Whusky tuty!

In the memoirs of Professor Aytoun, written by his friend and collaborator, Sir Theodore Martin, the following account is given of the origin of the above clever and amusing ballad:—"Being asked to get up an impromptu amusement at a friend's house in 1844 for some English visitors, who were enthusiastic about the Highlanders and the Highlands, he [Aytoun] fished out from his wardrobe the kilt with which he had electrified the men of Thurso in his boyish days. Arraying himself in this, and a blue cloth jacket with white metal buttons, which he had got years before to act a charity boy in a charade, he completed his costume by a scarf across his shoulders, short hose, and brogues! The brevity of the kilt produced a most ludicrous effect, and not being eked out with the usual 'sporran' left him very much in the condition of the 'Cutty Sark' of Burns's poem. With hair like Katterfelto's, on end in wild disorder, Aytoun was ushered into the drawing-room. He bore himself with more than Celtic dignity, and saluted the Southrons with stately courtesy, being introduced to them as the famous Laird of Macnab. The ladies were delighted with the Chieftain, who related many highly exciting traits of Highland manners. Among other things, when his neighbours, as he told them, made a foray, which they often did, upon his cattle, he thought nothing of 'sticking a tirk into their powels,' when the ladies exclaimed in horror, 'O, laird, you don't say so! 'Say so!' he replied, 'on my saul, laties, and to pe surely, I to it.' At supper he was asked to sing a song. 'I am fery sorry, laties,' he replied, 'that I have no voice: but I will speak to you a translation of a fery ancient Gaelic poem,' and proceeded to chant 'The Massacre of ta Phairshon,' which came upon all present as if it were the invention of the moment, and was greeted with roars of laughter. The joke was carried on until the party broke up, and the strangers were not undeceived for some days as to the true character of the great Celtic Chief."

The piece forms one of the *Bon Gaultier Ballads* which were the joint productions of Aytoun and Martin. When properly sung with mock bagpipe accompaniment in the chorus, it forms an excellent and unique entertainment.

## THE TWA CORBIES.

As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the tither did say,
"Whare sall we gang and dine the day?"

"It's in behint yon auld fael dyke
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak' our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pyke out his bonnie blue e'en;
Wi' a'e lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theck our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a ane for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken whare he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

This brief but strikingly graphic and weird ballad, which was first printed in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, was received by Sir Walter Scott from the hand of Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who stated that he had written it down from the recitation of a lady of his acquaintance. The feeling among certain wiseacres, however, is that if Sharpe did not actually *make* the ballad he whipped it somewhat into the perfect shape in which we find it. Certainly there was a master hand over it some time, were it only for the touch that makes so absolute the scene of desolation depicted in the latter half of the last stanza. Mr. Tom M'Ewan, the well-known Scottish artist, has for many years voiced the piece with perfect taste; and his renderings of it, particularly at the meetings of the Glasgow Ballad Club, of which select coterie he is a member, with the lights lowered almost to the point of extinction, and the company joining in solemn tones in the subdued chorus, produces an effect never to be forgotten by the privileged visitor. To others who may choose to sing the ballad there is a hint here.

## THE OULD BOG HOLE.

O, THE pigs are in the mire, and the cow is at the grass,
And a man without a woman is no better than an ass;
My mother likes her ducks, and the ducks like the drake,
And sweet Judy Flannigan, I'd die for her sake.
For Judy is as fair as the flower on the lea,
She is nate and complate from the neck to the knee,
We met t'other night, and my heart to condole,
Och! I set Judy down by the Ould Bog Hole.

Saying, "Cushla mavourneen, would you marry me?
Gramachree avourneen, could you marry me?
Cushla mavourneen, would you marry me?
Could you fancy the bouncing young Barney Magee?"

Sweet Judy, she blushed, and she hung down her head;
"Sure, Barney, you blackguard, I'd like to get wed,
But they say you're so rough, and you are such a rake"—
"Don't believe it," says I, "for it's all a mistake.
To keep you gentale I will toil at my trade,
I will handle the flail, or the hook, or the spade,
And the turf to procure which is better than coal,
Och, I'll work to my knees in the Ould Bog Hole.

Then, cushla mavourneen, would you marry me?
Gramachree avourneen, could you marry me?
Cushla mavourneen, would you marry me?
Wid the ould britches tattering all over my knee?

"Now give me your hand, and consent just at once,
For it's not every day that you'll get such a chance;
When the priest makes us one, then how happy you'll be
As the beautiful, dutiful Mistress Magee.
Though the male may be scarce, we'll have praties enough,
And if you should long for more delicate stuff,
Sure I'll bring out the rod which my grandfather stole,
And I'll fish for the eels in the Ould Bog Hole.

Then, cushla mavourneen, would you marry me?
Gramachree avourneen, could you marry me?
Cushla mavourneen, would you marry me?
Sure, my heart is the part that's devoted to thee.

"And the childer we'll have, sure we musn't miss that—
There'll be Darby, and Barney, and Murphy, and Pat,
Wid Kitty so fair, and Judy so bluff,
And"—"Stop, stop," she cried, "have you not got enough?"
"Arrah, fait, I have not, for I'll ne'er be content,
Till you bring home as many as there's days in the Lent;
How the neighbours will stare when we go for a stroll,
And we'll all promenade round the Ould Bog Hole.

Then, cushla mavourneen, would you marry me?
Gramachree avourneen, could you marry me?
Cushla mavourneen, would you marry me.
Oh, wurra! wurra! wurra! how I'm doating on thee!"

"By the hokey," says she, "I can hardly refuse,
For, Barney, the blarney you know how to use,
You've charmed my heart wid the picture you've drawn—
If I thought I could trust you the job might be done."

"Arrah, murther," says I, "do you doubt what I say,
If I thought 'twould convince you I'd swear half a day;"
"Och, no," she replied, "that is no use at all"—
Then she whispered consent by the Ould Bog Hole.

"Arrah, give me a kiss now, my joy and delight,"
"Och, be aisy, you blackguard, till once ye've a right;
Sure, after we're wed ye may kiss and cajole"—
"And we'll fish for the eels in the Ould Bog Hole."

Many will recall the above as a familiar and attractive street song in Scotland more than forty years ago. I have never seen it in print except in the long and narrow penny sheet forms so commonly hawked at country fairs and feeing markets about the middle of the century. At "Little Dunning" market, at Perth, in the later fifties, I can testify, no song ever attracted greater crowds than "The Ould Bog Hole." A song of the Green Isle, it had been brought "over," with "Brannan on the Moor," and others, by the harvesters, I presume, who annually visited our shores in shiploads for the cutting of the corn.

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## THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great;
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the State:
He wanted a wife, his braw house to keep;
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's a'e daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee—
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, as gude as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue:
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat—
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannilie—
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben;
She's wanted to speak wi' the laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;
"And what brings the laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk goun,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' doun.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;
And what was his errand he soon let her know,
Amazed was the laird when the lady said, "Na,"
And wi' a laich curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did he gi'e;
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen."

[And now that the laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen].

I have printed the above song as it generally appears in the collections, but only to protest at once against the inclusion of the last two verses, which are no part of the original, but were foolishly tagged on by Miss Ferrier, the novelist, and have followed Lady Nairne's humorous masterpiece like an ill-conditioned ghost, bringing ruin on the splendid conception on every occasion where they have been allowed to intrude. They should never be sung. Why, look at the man! "He was proud, he was great." His mind was absorbed in affairs of the State. He wanted a wife to adorn the head of his table—not a woman to love and cherish. He condescended to ask Miss M'Clish of Clavers-ha'-lea. Was "dumfoundered"—the old egotist—when she refused him. But not heart-broken, mark you, for "nae sigh did he gi'e." Nay, he went off in a rage,

"And aften he thought, as he rade through the glen,
She was daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen,"

Miss M'Clish's answer, too—so coolly decisive, and creditable to her—left no hope for future advances. She never hesitated for a second, but decidedly said

"'Na,'
And wi' a laich curtsey she turned awa'.'"

There was an end to the affair at that point at once and for ever, and only one verse more was needed, to describe the laird's feelings.

Lady Nairne composed the song while she was still very young, and the name M'Clish, given to the lady, is supposed to have been suggested to her by that of the parish minister of Gask, who in 1746, refused to pray for the family, on account of their adherence to the cause of the exiled Stuarts, and rode to Perth of purpose to bring on them the vengeance of the Duke of Cumberland. Old Mr. Oliphant of Gask wrote—"May God forgive the minister, as I do;" and the poetess must often have heard her father deprecate the conduct of the heartless ecclesiastic.

There was an older song, to be sure, entitled "Cockpen," but which was exceptionable, on the score of refinement. Burns purged it of its indecencies, but left a poor enough song when that was done. His effort is a mere jingling rhyme—a puny body without soul or spirit—whereas that left by Lady Nairne forms a lyrical character-sketch almost unexcelled in British literature. About the original laird of Cockpen, an anecdote has been preserved which affords

some idea of his character. He is represented as having been the attached friend of his Sovereign, Charles II. And having been engaged with his countrymen at the battle of Worcester, in 1651, on the defeat of the Royalists, he accompanied the King to Holland, and forming one of the little Court at the Hague, amused his royal master by his humour, and especially by his skill in Scottish music. In playing the tune "Brose and Butter," he particularly excelled, and it became a request of the King that he should be lulled to sleep every night and awakened every morning by this enchanting air. At the Restoration in 1660, Cockpen found his estate confiscated for his attachment to the Royal cause, and had the mortification to discover that he had suffered on behalf of an ungrateful Prince, who gave no response to his many petitions for the restoration of his inheritance. Visiting London he was denied an audience, but he still entertained the hope that by securing a personal conference with the King, he might attain his object. To accomplish this he formed an intimacy with the organist of the Chapel-Royal, and obtained permission to officiate as his substitute when the King came to service. At the dismissal he struck up "Brose and Butter." The artifice succeeded, the King proceeded to the organ gallery, where he found Cockpen, whom he saluted familiarly, declaring he had "almost made him dance." "I could dance, too," replied Cockpen, "if I had my lands again." The request to which every other entreaty could gain no response, was yielded to the power of music. Cockpen got his lands again.

## THE SHEPHERD ON THE HILL.

WHAUR Gairn's bonnie mountain stream
  Falls into winding Dee,
There aft' amang the birks we've met,
  My shepherd lad and me.

We've courted there the lee lang nicht,
  Wi' hearty richt gudewill;
But noo I fear I'll meet nae mair,
  My shepherd on the hill.

That nicht he left my father's cot,
His fleecy flocks to care—
O when I saw him leave the door,
My very heart grew sair.

The snaw fell fast, the wind blew loud,
Alang the mountain side:
I placed a licht the window in
My Colin safe to guide.

'Twas aye I thocht I heard his fit—
My heart it boded ill;
'Twas aye I feared I'd court nae mair
My shepherd on the hill.

At length the weary nicht gaed by,
Wi' lang and dreary 'oors;
At last the daylicht did appear,
Wi' saft and sleety shooers.

We searched the glen baith up and doun—
Oh, weary was the day!
Until we reached the fatal heath,
Whaur Colin lifeless lay.

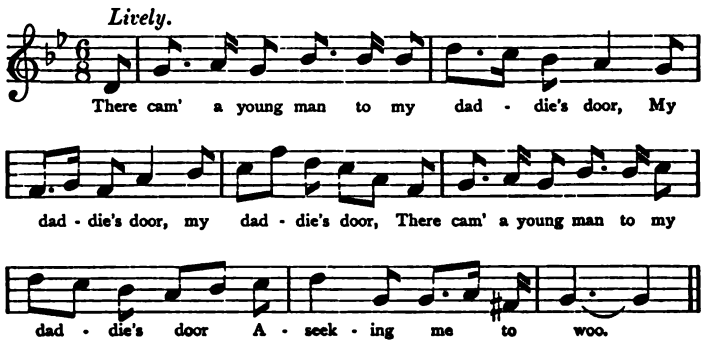
His faithful dog lay by his side,
Near to the winding rill;
'Twas then I knew I'd court nae mair
My shepherd on the hill.

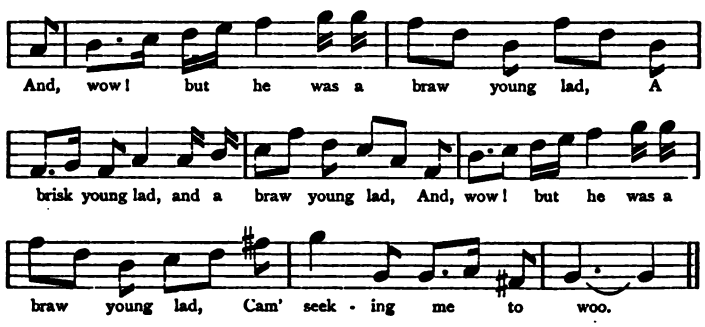
'Twas thrice I kissed his clay-cold lips,
Wi' mony a blinding tear;
The meeting there it was to me
A trial most severe.

Now since that Colin he is dead,
My sorrow I'll fulfil;
Till death shall lay me lowly by
My shepherd on the hill.

The above song, of which I have received several copies in manuscript, less or more complete, has been sung chiefly in Aberdeenshire, to which county, by mention of the Gairn, it is evident that it belongs. Mr. John Forbes, Inspector of Police, Ayr, who used to hear it sung in the north when he was a boy, says the air is very sweet and plaintive. It may be that all the words are not here. I have followed Mr. Forbes mainly, who sends the fullest copy.

## THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.






THERE cam' a young man to my daddie's door,
My daddie's door, my daddie's door;
There cam' a young man to my daddie's door,
A-seeking me to woo.

And, wow! but he was a braw young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad;
And, wow! but he was a braw young lad,
Cam' seeking me to woo.

But I was baking when he cam',
When he cam', when he cam';
I took him in and ga'e him a dram,
To thowe his frozen mou'.

I set him in beside the bink,
I ga'e him bread and ale to drink;
But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fou'.

"Gae, get you gane, ye cauldrife wooer,
Ye sour-looking, hungry wooer;"
I straightway showed him to the door,
Saying, "Come nae mair to woo."

A deuk-dub lay before the door,
Before the door, before the door;
A deuk-dub lay before the door,
And there fell he, I trew.

Out cam' the gudeman and high he shouted,
Out cam' the gudewife, and laich she louted;
And a' the toun-neighbours were gather'd about it,
And there lay he, I trew.

Then out cam' I and sneered and smiled,
"Ye cam' to woo, but ye're a' beguiled;
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyled;
We'll ha'e nae mair o' you."

Yet, wow! but he was a braw young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad;
And gay and gallantly was he clad,
Cam' seeking me to woo.

For this characteristic and clever song, which appears in Herd's collection, into which it was gathered from the stalls and mendicant's baskets, no author has ever been assigned. It sings to the old tune "Bung your Eye in the Morning." Editors generally have given it the title of "The Cauldrife Wooer," but the title of "The Brisk Young Lad," it will be readily admitted, I think, is more in line with the prevailing sarcasm of the song.

## THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

It fell upon a day, and a bonnie summer day,
When the aits grew green and the barley,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyle and Airlie.

The Duke o' Montrose has written to Argyle
To come in the morning early;
And he's up and awa' by the back o' Dunkeld,
To plunder the bonnie House o' Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie look'd ower frae her high Castle wa',
And O, but she sigh'd sairly,
When she saw Argyle wi' a hunder o' his men,
Come to plunder the bonnie House o' Airlie.

"Come down, come down, Lady Ogilvie," he says,
"Come down, and kiss me fairly;
Or I swear by the sword that hangs in my hand,
I winna leave a stannin' stane in Airlie."

"I'll no come down to thee, proud Argyle,
Nor wad I kiss thee fairly;
I'll no come down thou fause, fause lord,
Tho' thou shouldna leave a stannin' stane in Airlie.

"If my gude lord had been at hame,
As he's awa' wi' Charlie,
There durstna a Campbell in a' Argyle,
Set a fit upon the bonnie green o' Airlie.

"If my gude lord were here this nicht,
As he is wi' King Charlie,
The dearest blude o' a' thy kin,
Wad slocken the burnin' o' Airlie.

"O, I ha'e borne him seven bonnie sons,
The youngest ne'er saw his daddie,
And though I had as mony ower again,
I wad gi'e them a' to Prince Charlie."

Argyle in a rage attacked the bonnie ha',
And he's to the plundering fairly;
And tears tho' he saw, like dewdrops fa',
In a lowe he set the bonnie House o' Airlie!

"What lowe is yon?" quo' the gude Lochiel,
"That loups ower the hilltaps clearly?"
"By the God of my kin!" cried the young Ogilvie,
"It's my ain dear bonnie House o' Airlie!

"It's no the bonnie house, nor the lands a' reft,
That grieves my heart sae sairly;
But O, the winsome dame and the sweet babes I left,
They'll be smoor'd in the black reek o' Airlie."

"Draw your dirks! draw your dirks!" cried the brave Lochiel;
"Unsheath your swords!" cried Charlie,
"And we'll kindle a lowe round the fause Argyle,
And licht it wi' a spark out o' Airlie."

No Scottish song or ballad has had a more lively vagabond career than "The Bonnie House o' Airlie," which has formed an item in the repertoire of wandering musicians for many generations. Thirty and odd years ago there was a decrepit old man who used to haunt the Nethergate and Perth Road of Dundee who sang nothing else, and his rendition was so singularly absurd that he had many mock imitators among the younger generations thereaway, who knew the old vocalist only by the self-created name of "Leddy Ogilby." The ballad, as is well known, describes a real incident in the history of the country, as old as the great civil war of the seventeenth century. Spalding's account is that the Earl of Airlie went from home to England, fearing the troubles of the land, and that he should be pressed to subscribe the Covenant, and left his oldest son, the Lord Ogilvie, a brave young noblemen, behind him at home. The Estates of Parliament learning of his departure, directed the Earls of Montrose and Kinghorn, to go to the place of Airlie, and to take it, and for that effect, to carry cannon with them. On arrival they summoned the young Ogilvie to surrender the house. The son's reply was that his father was absent, and had left no commission with him to yield up the house to any subjects, and that he would defend the same till his father returned from England. Some shots were exchanged, but the assailants finding the place invulnerable, by nature of its great strength, retired. The Committee of Estates finding no contentment in this expedition, next gave orders to the Earl of Argyle to raise men out of his own country, and to go first to Airlie and Forter, and to take and destroy both of these strongholds of the Ogilvie family, and next to go upon their "lymmers" and punish them. Argyle was at feud with the Ogilvies at the time, and is said to have heartily enjoyed the commission to sack their castles, and lost no time in putting his orders into execution. Taking with him an army of about five thousand men,

> "—— he's up and awa' by the back o' Dunkeld
> To plunder the bonnie House o' Airlie."

After plundering Airlie Castle, he set it on fire, and afterwards razed the walls. From Airlie he proceeded to Forter—which, by the way, is the scene of the dialogue of the ballad, and not Airlie at all—whence Lady Ogilvie and her family had removed in the interval. Here Argyle is said to have behaved with much cruelty, turning Lady Ogilvie out of doors, though she was then nearing her confinement, and even refusing to grant permission to her grandmother, and his own kinswoman, the Lady Drummie, to receive her into her house of Kelly. The castle of Forter was in turn razed to the ground, but not until the Campbells had held possession of it for several months.

There are various readings of the ballad; but they differ only in details, the main features being always the same. I have aimed at selecting the one most generally sung.

## A' BODY'S LIKE TO BE MARRIED BUT ME.

As Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire,
An' thoucht o' the time that was fast fleein' by'er,
She said to hersel' wi' a heavy, hoch hey!—
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

My youthfu' companions are a' won awa',
And though I've had wooers mysel' ane or twa,
Yet a lad to my mind I ne'er could yet see;
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

There's Lowrie, the lawyer, wad ha'e me fu' fain
Wha has baith a house an' a yard o' his ain:
But before I'd gang to it I rather wad dee,
A wee stumpin' body—he'll never get me.

There's Tammie, my cousin, frae Lunnon cam' down,
Wi' fine yellow buskins that dazzled the town;
But, puir deevil, he gat ne'er a blink o' my e'e;
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

But I saw a lad by yon sauchie burn-side,
Wha weel wad deserve ony queen for his bride,
Gin I had my will soon his ain I wad be;
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

I gied him a look, as a kind lassie should,
My frien's, if they kenn'd it, wad surely run wud;
For tho' bonnie and gude he's no worth a bawbee;
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

'Tis hard to tak' shelter behint a laich dyke,
'Tis hard for to tak' ane we never can like,
'Tis hard to forsake ane we fain wad be wi',
Yet it's harder that a' should be married but me.

The earliest trace of the above happily-conceived song is in the *Scots Magazine* for July, 1802, where it is signed "Duncan Gray." It has been much sung, and often reprinted, but the author has never been discovered.

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## PAWKIE ADAM GLEN.

Pawkie Adam Glen,
Piper o' the clachan,
When he stoited ben,
Sairly was he pechin';
Spak' a wee, but tint his win';
Hurklet down, an' hoastit syne,
Blew his beik, an' dichtit's e'en;
And whauzled a' forfouchen.

But his coughin' dune,
Cheerie kyth'd the bodie—
Crackit like a gun,
And leuch to auntie Madie;
Cried, "My callan's, name a spring,
'Jinglin' John,' or ony thing,
For weel I'd like to see the fling
O' ilka lass and laddie."

Blythe the dancers flew,
  Usquabae was plenty,
Blythe the piper grew,
  Tho' shaking hands wi' ninety,
Seven times his bridal vow,
Ruthless fate had broken thro';
Wha wad thocht his coming now,
  Was for our maiden auntie.

She had ne'er been soucht,
  Cherrie hope was fadin';
Dowie is the thoucht,
  To live an' dee a maiden.
How it comes, we dinna ken,
Wanters aye maun wait their ain,
Madge is hecht to Adam Glen,
  And sune we'll hae a weddin'.

Written by Alexander Laing, the well-known Brechin poet, who was author besides of "The Braes o' Mar," and the widely esteemed metrical tale of "Archie Allan," the above very pawkie and clever song has, all its time, been a prime favourite at country convivial meetings in the central shires of Scotland. The hero of the verses, Adam Glen, who composed the air to which they are sung, was a well-known wandering minstrel, long a favourite in every farmer's ha', village, and fair, in the west of Angus, and in eastern Forfarshire. He was an excellent performer on the bagpipe, a faithful reciter of old ballads, and in every way an eccentric and queer bodie. In the memorable year of Mar's rebellion, he joined the battalion of his county on its march to Sheriffmuir. The ballad tells that

"Some Angusmen and Fifemen,
They ran for their life, man,"

Adam Glen, however, remained behind, winding his warlike instrument in the front and fire of the enemy, and fell on the field of battle, 13th November, 1715, in the 90th year of his age. A few months prior to his death, he espoused his seventh wife, a maiden lady of forty-five, on which circumstance the song is founded. When rallied on the number of his wives, he replied in his own way, "A'e kist comin' in is worth twa gaun out."

## DUNCAN AND JANET M'CLEARY.

Duncan M'Cleary, an' Janet his wife,
Duncan M'Cleary, he played on the fife:
Janet she danced until she cried wearie;
"It's unco weel danced," quo' Duncan M'Cleary.

Duncan M'Cleary an' Janet M'Cleary,
Duncan was blin', and Janet was blearie;
He was deafish beside, an' could na just hear aye;
"There's nae muckle matter," quo' Janet M'Cleary.

Duncan M'Cleary an' Janet his wife,
Were peaceable bodies, avoidin' a' strife;
She rubbit his beard, he ca'd her his dearie;
O, couthie was Duncan wi' Janet M'Cleary.

Duncan M'Cleary an' Janet his wife,
They toitet an' toil'd thegither through life;
When Duncan was douff, she never was cheerie,
Sae a'esome was Janet an' Duncan M'Cleary.

Duncan M'Cleary an' Janet M'Cleary,
Tho' lovin' an' sweet, the twa couldna wear aye;
Sae Duncan he dee'd, syne Janet grew drearie,
An' sune stapp'd awa' after Duncan M'Cleary.

There is real character, albeit much reserve, in this brief song of happy, healthy, unsophisticated connubial life. The pity is we can gather nothing in respect of its source and authorship.

## THE BONNIE BREIST-KNOTS.

Hey the bonnie, hey the bonnie,
O the bonnie breist-knots!
Tight and bonnie were they a',
When they got on their breist-knots.

There was a bridal in the toun
And till't the lasses a' were boun'
Wi' mankie facings on their goun,
And some o' them had breist-knots.

Hey the bonnie, etc.

And there was mony a lusty lad,
As ever handled grape and gaud,
I wat, their manhood weel they shawed,
At ruffling o' the breist-knots.

Hey the bonnie, etc.

At nine o'clock they did convene,
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
Wi' glancing buckles on their sheen,
And flowers upon their waist-coats.

Hey the bonnie, etc;

The bride by this time was richt fain,
When that she saw sae light a train,
She pray'd the day might keep frae rain,
For spoiling o' the breist-knots.

Hey the bonnie, etc.

Forth came the wives a' wi' a phrase,
And wished the lassie happy days,
And muckle made they o' her claes,
And 'specially the breist-knots.

Hey the bonnie, etc.

Forth spake the mither, when she saw,
The bride and maidens a' sae braw,
"Wi' cackling clouts, black be their fa',
They've made a bonnie cast o't."

Hey the bonnie, etc.

Next doun their breakfast it was set,
Some barley lippies o' milk meat;
It leipit them it was sae het,
As soon as they did taste o't.

Hey the bonnie, etc.

Till some frae them the spoon they threw,
And swore that they had burnt their mou';
And some into their cutty blew,
I wat, their will they mist not.

Hey the bonnie, etc.

When ilka ane had clawed his plate,
The piper lad he lookit blate;
Altho' they said that he should eat,
I trow, he lost the best o't.

Hey the bonnie, etc.

Syne forth they got a' wi' a loup,
O'er creels and deals and a' did coup,
The piper said wi' them de'il scoup,
He'd make a hungry feast o't.

Hey the bonnie, etc.

Syne aff they got a' wi' a fling,
Each lass unto her lad did cling,
And a' cried for a diff'rent spring,
The bride she sought "The Breist-knots."

Hey the bonnie, etc.

When they tied up the marriage band,
At the bridegroom's they neist did land;
Forth came auld Madge wi' her split maund,
And bread and cheese a feast o't.

Hey the bonnie, etc.

She took a quarter and a third,
On the bride's head she gae't a gird,
Till farles flew athort the yird;
She parted round the rest o't.

Hey the bonnie, etc.

The bride then by the hand they took,
Twice, thrice, they led her round the crook;
Some said "gude-wife, weel mat ye brook,"
And some great count they cast on't.

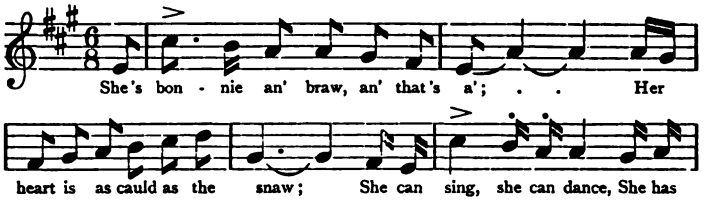
Hey the bonnie, etc.

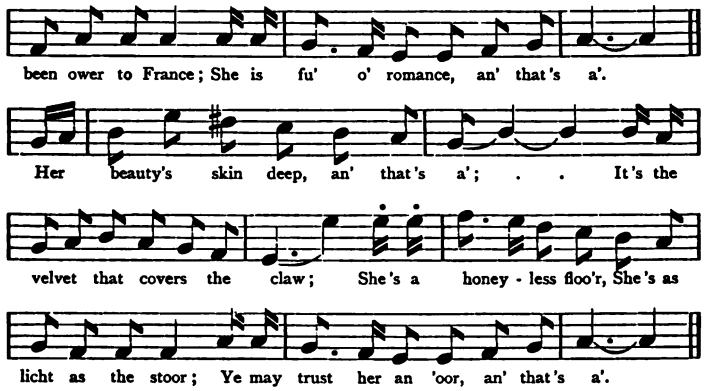
A' ran to kilns and barns in ranks,
Some sat on deals, and some on planks;
The piper lad stood on his shanks,
And dirled up "The Breist-knots."

Hey the bonnie, etc.

Universally popular in title and refrain, abridgements of the above are not uncommon in the collections. But it is only the complete ballad, as it was written by Alexander Ross, of Lochlee, the poet of "The Fortunate Shepherdess," as it appears in Johnson's *Museum*, and as it is reprinted here, that can appeal with interest and satisfaction to anybody. Three stanzas only have generally appeared, whereas the piece in its full extent presents a picture of a rural merry-making in the olden time valuable for its truth and vivid presentation. The "breist-knot" it may not be unnecessary to explain, was a fashionable piece of female adornment upwards of a century ago, examples of the varying style of which are preserved in the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The tune of the same name, which all fiddlers know, must be older than the song, or the last line of the last verse has no meaning.

## SHE'S BONNIE AN' BRAW.






SHE's bonnie an' braw, an' that's a';
Her heart is as cauld as the snaw;
She can sing, she can dance, she has been ower to France;
She is fu' o' romance, an' that's a'.

Her beauty's skin-deep, an' that's a';
It's the velvet that covers the claw;
She's a honeyless floo'r, she's as licht as the stoor;
Ye may trust her an 'oor, an' that's a'.

She can flatter an' smile, an' that's a';
An' for nane but hersel' cares a straw;
She's had lovers a score, an' has shown them the door;
Yet has twenty in store, an' that's a'.

She's a belle at the ball, an' that's a';
Fine feathers ne'er hide the jackdaw;
Strip aff the fause glow, the tinsel an' show;
There's a scare-craw below, an' that's a'.

She has siller an' land, an' that's a';
An' she kens I ha'e naething ava';
We were ance lad an' lass at the schule, in a'e class;
Now she stares when I pass, an' that's a'.

She'll be an auld maid, an' that's a';
She'll tak' up wi' a cat or macaw;
An' instead o' the glee o' sweet bairns at her knee,
She'll ha'e scandal an' tea, an' that's a'.

The above clever song, written by Mr. William Martin, schoolmaster, Inverkeithnie, near Turriff, and set so appropriately to music by Mr. J. Scott Skinner, the Scottish Paganini, has hitherto appeared only in Mr. Skinner's admirable "Logie Collection of Original Music, for Voice, Violin and Pianoforte," for which it was specially prepared. It has been sung, however, where the Logie Collection is not known, and I am grateful to the author and composer who have each readily consented to its appearance here in a gathering for which it possesses every claim. Few more happy and characteristic Scottish songs have been written within the last fifty years.

## A SONG OF HOTCH-POTCH.

"O LEESE me on the canny Scotch,
Wha first contrived without a botch,
To mak' the gusty, good hotch-potch,
That fills the wame sae brawly;
There's carrots intill't, and neeps intill't,
There's sybies intill't, and leeks intill't,
There's peas, and beans, and beets intill't,
That soom through ither sae brawly.

The French mounseer and English loon,
When they come daunderin' down our town,
Wi' smirks an' smacks they gulp it down,
An' lick their lips fu' brawly:
For there's carrots intill't, and neeps intill't,
There's sybies intill't, and leeks intill't,
There's mutton, and lamb, and beef intill't,
That mak's it up sae brawly.

An Irish Pat, when he comes here,
To lay his lugs in our good cheer,
He shools his cutty wi' unco steer,
And clears his cog fu' brawly:
For there's carrots intill't, and neeps intill't,
There's peas, and beans, and beets intill't,
And a' gude gusty meats intill't,
That grease his gab sae brawly.

A dainty dame she came our way,
An' sma' soup meagre she wad ha'e;
"Wi' your fat broth I cannot away—
It mak's me scunner fu' brawly.
For there's carrots intill't, and neeps intill't,
There's sybies intill't, and leeks intill't,
And filthy, greasy meats intill't,
That turn my stamach sae brawly."

She gat her soup! 'twas unco trash,
And little better than poor dish-wash!
'Twad gi'e a man the water-brash
To sup sic dirt sae brawly:

Nae carrots intill't, nor neeps intill't,
Nae sybies intill't, nor leeks intill't,
Nor nae good gusty meats intill't,
To line the ribs fu' brawly.

Then here's to ilka canny Scot;
Wi' mony good broths he boils his pot,
But rare hotch-potch beats a' the lot,
It smells and smacks sae brawly:
For there's carrots intill't, and neeps intill't,
There's peas, and beans, and beets intill't,
And hearty halesome meats intill't,
That stech the kyte sae brawly.

Mr. Hill Burton, the historian, ascribes the above graphic and rollicking ditty to the late venerable and accomplished Archibald Bell, Sheriff of Ayrshire. "And I think," says he, "some of those who merely knew him as a man of business will be a little surprised, if not scandalised, to know that he was capable of such an effusion." The incident which very evidently suggested the song, though well known, is worth telling again. During one of the earlier visits of the Queen and her Royal Consort to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in simple manner, was crossing one of the Scottish lochs in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and among other things, the cooking. Approaching the galley, where a brawny Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savoury odours of a dish of hotch-potch which Sandy was preparing.

"What is that?" asked the Prince, who was not known to the cook.

"Hotch-potch, sir."

"How is it made?"

"Weel, there's mutton intill't, and neeps intill't, and carrots intill't and——"

"Yes, yes," said the Prince, "but *what's* intill't?"

"Weel, I'm tellin' ye, there's mutton intill't, and neeps intill't, and carrots intill't, and——"

"Yes, I see, but what *is* intill't?"

The man looked at him, and seeing that the Prince was serious he replied—"There's mutton intill't, and neeps intill't, and——"

"Yes, certainly, I know," still urged the Prince, "but what's *intill't, intill't?*"

"Gudesake, man," yelled the Scotsman, brandishing his big ladle, "I'm I no thrang tellin' ye what's intill't? There's mutton intill't, and——"

Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the Prince's suite, who fortunately was passing, explaining to His Royal Highness that "intill't" simply meant "into it," and nothing more.

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## DONALD O' DUNDEE.

YOUNG Donald is the blythest lad
That e'er made love to me
Whene'er he's by, my heart is glad,
He seems so gay and free.
Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,
And in his plaid he looks so neat,
It cheers my heart at e'en to meet
Young Donald o' Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
Young Sandy follows me,
And fain he wants to be my love
But ah! it canna be.
Though mither frets baith ear' and late
For me to wed this youth I hate;
There's nane need hope to gain young Kate
But Donald o' Dundee.

When last we ranged the banks o' Tay,
The ring he showed to me;
And bade me name the bridal-day,
And happy would he be.

I ken the youth will aye prove kind,
Nae mair my mither will I mind,
Mess John to me shall quickly bind
Young Donald o' Dundee.

Long and still a favourite song in town and country all over the shires of Forfar, Perth, and Fife, "Donald o' Dundee," though frequently printed in chap and other popular collections, has seldom in all its busy career been attributed to its author, David Vedder, the sailor-poet, who was born at Burness, Orkney, in 1790, and died at Edinburgh in 1854. It goes with a pleasing air, which, I believe, is original.

## MY BONNIE LADDIE'S YOUNG BUT HE'S GROWIN' YET.

O Lady Mary Ann looks ower the castle wa';
She saw three bonnie boys playin' at the ba';
The youngest he was the flower amang them a',
My bonnie laddie's young but he's growin' yet.

"O father, O father, an' ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet;
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet."

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew;
Sweet was its smell and bonnie was its hue;
And the langer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew,
For the lily in the bud will be bonnie yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout o' an aik;
Bonnie and bloomin' and straught was its make;
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that we ha'e seen;
But far better days I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young but he's growin' yet.

In one form or another this interesting ballad has been known and sung all over Scotland for many generations, and the version here given was contributed by Burns to Johnson's *Museum*, in 1792. According to Motherwell, and others, the poet, in the course of his Highland tour, noted down the original, with its melody, from a lady's recitation or singing. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and James Maidment, and others, printed what they claimed to be the original words; but these are distinguished by trifling puerilities, whilst the ballad from the hand of Burns, as Scott Douglas correctly remarks, is of the finest spun texture. Evidently the verses rose out of a real incident, which occurred about 1634, when young Urquhart of Craigston, who by the death of his parents had fallen into the guardianship of the laird of Innes, was married, while yet a youth, to his guardian's daughter, Elizabeth, with the subtle object of securing the estates, *plus* a husband. The closing verse of the original—true to fact or otherwise—is worth quoting:—

"In his twelth year he was a married man,
In his thirteenth year, then he got a son,
In his fourteenth year his grave was growing green,
And that was the end of his growin'."

## BENTY BOWS, ROBIN.

Robin's gane to the south countree,
Holland, green Holland!
And there he's courted a gay ladye,
Benty bows, Robin!

He's wed her, and he's brought her hame,
Holland, green Holland!
Weel I wat, she's a denty dame,
Benty bows, Robin!

She winna wash, she winna wring,
Holland, green Holland!
For wearing o' her gay gold ring,
Benty bows, Robin!

She winna bake, she winna brew,
Holland, green Holland!
For spoiling o' her comely hue,
Benty bows, Robin!

She winna spin, she winna card,
Holland, green Holland!
But she will gallant wi' the laird,
Benty bows, Robin!

Robin's come hame frae the plough,
Holland, green Holland!
Cries, "Is my dinner ready now?"
Benty bows, Robin!

"You're a' mista'en, gudeman," says she,
Holland, green Holland!
"To think I'll servant be to thee,"
Benty bows, Robin!

Robin's gane unto the faul',
Holland, green Holland!
He's catch'd a wedder by the spaul,
Benty bows, Robin!

He's carried it, and brought it hame,
Holland, green Holland!
To gi'e it to his denty dame,
Benty bows, Robin!

Robin's killed his wedder black,
Holland, green Holland!
He's laid the skin upon her back,
Benty bows, Robin!

He's laid the skin upon her back,
Holland, green Holland!
And on the skin he's laid a whack,
Benty bows, Robin!

"I daurna pay thee for thy kin,"
Holland, green Holland!
"But I may pay my wedder's skin,"
Benty bows, Robin!

"I daurna pay my lady's back,"
Holland, green Holland!
"But I may pay my wedder black,"
Benty bows, Robin!

"O Robin, Robin, let me be,"
Holland, green Holland!
"And I'll a gude wife be to thee,
Benty bows, Robin!"

The resemblance between the above and "The Wee Cooper o' Fife" (see First Series), is so striking as to leave no room for doubt about the one being the original of the other. Which may be the older is the question. Both are clever, both are curious: the "Hey Willie Wallachy, how John Dougall" of the one being not more puzzling than the "Holland, green Holland," of the other. "Benty bows, Robin," I fancy, is just in other words, "Bandy-legged Robin." In a chap-book printed by T. Johnston, Falkirk, the title is "Robin's Cure for a Bad Wife."

## CAPTAIN FRAZER'S NOSE.

O! if ye're at Dumbarton Fair,
Gang to the Castle when ye're there,
And see a sicht baith rich and rare—
The nose o' Captain Frazer!

Unless ye're blin' or unco glee't,
A mile awa' ye're sure to see't,
An' nearer han' a man gangs wi't,
'That owns the nose o' Frazer.

It's great in length, it's great in girth,
It's great in grief, it's great in mirth,
Tho' grown wi' years, 'twas great at birth—
The nose o' Captain Frazer!

I've heard volcanoes loudly roarin',
And Niagara's waters pourin',
But oh! gin ye had heard the snorin'
Frae the nose o' Captain Frazer!

To wauken sleepin' congregations,
Or rouse to battle sleepin' nations,
Gae wa' wi' preachin's and orations
And try the nose o' Frazer!

Gif French invaders try to lan'
Upon our glorious British stran',
Fear nought if ships are no at han',
But trust the nose o' Frazer!

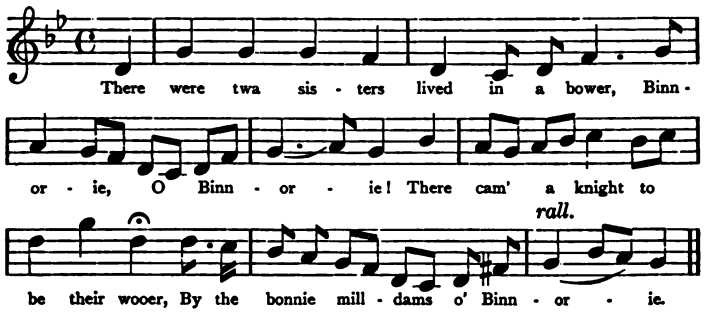
Just crack that cannon owre the shore,
Weel ramm'd wi' snuff; then let it roar
Ae Heilan' sneeze; and never more
They'll daur the nose o' Frazer!

If that great nose is ever deid,
To bury it ye dinna need;
Nae coffin made o' wood or lead
Could haud the nose o' Frazer!

But let it stan' itsel' alane,
Erect, like some big Druid stane,
That a' the warld may see its bane,
In memory o' Frazer!

This is another of the whimsically humorous songs of the great Dr. Norman Macleod. It has been asked repeatedly if the Captain Frazer depicted was a real character. He may have been a real character, but we are sure this was not his real nose. The tune is "The Lass o' Gowrie."

## BINNORIE, O BINNORIE.




THERE were twa sisters lived in a bower,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
There cam' a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And much envied her sister fair,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
"Will ye see our father's ships come in,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie?"

She's ta'en her by the lily hand;
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And led her down to the river strand,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The youngest stood upon a stane;
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
The eldest cam' and pushed her in,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand."
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
"And ye shall be heir o' half my land,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie."

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand."
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
"And I'll be heir o' a' your land,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,"
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
"It has twined me and my world's make,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie."

"O sister, sister, reach your glove,"
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
"And sweet William shall be your love,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove,"
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
"And sweet William shall better be my love,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie."

"Your cherry cheeks, and yellow hair,"
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
"Had garr'd me gang maiden evermair,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie."

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Until she cam' to the miller's dam,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The miller's daughter was baking bread,
  Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And gaed for water as she had need,
  By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam!"
  Binnorie, O Binnorie!
"There's a mermaid or a milk-white swan,
  By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie."

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
  Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And there he found a drown'd woman,
  By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Upon her fingers, lily-white,—
  Binnorie, O Binnorie!
The jewel-rings were shining bright,
  By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Ye couldna see her yellow hair,
  Binnorie, O Binnorie!
For gowd and pearls, a' sae rare,
  By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Ye couldna see her middle sma',
  Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Her gowden girdle was sae braw,
  By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Ye couldna see her lily feet,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Her gowden fringes were sae deep,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Its by there come a harper fine,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Wha harp'd to nobles when they dine,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
He sighed, and made a heavy moan,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He's made a harp o' her breast bane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Whase sounds would melt a heart o' stane,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And wi' them strung his harp sae rare,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He went into her father's ha',
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And played his harp before them a',
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And first the harp sung loud and clear,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
"Farewell, my father and mother dear,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie."

Neist when the harp began to sing,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
'Twas "Farewell, William," said the string,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And then as plain as plain could be,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
"There sits my sister, wha drownèd me,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie."

Few collections of Scottish ballads have appeared within the last two hundred years which do not embrace a copy of the above, in one or other of its many forms, and under one or other of its various titles of, "The Cruel Sister," "The Drowned Lady," "The Bonnie Bows o' London," "Sister, Dear Sister," "The Miller and the King's Daughter," or the one here chosen. And if the text and titles have varied so also have the refrains. Sometimes it has been printed with a deal of repetition, and this curious refrain:—

"There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Edinborough, Edinborough;
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Stirling for aye,
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
There cam' a knight to be their wooer,
Bonnie Saint Johnstoun stands upon Tay."

Other refrains have been "Hey ho, my Nanny O," and "While the swan swims bonnie O." Whilst on the borderland it has been found with "Norham, O Norham," and "By the bonnie mill-dams o' Norham." For the very excellent melody here printed, perhaps the original air, and which has certainly the real old ballad cry in it, I am indebted to Mr. Thomas Lugton, Glasgow, who says it was noted by a friend of his own from the singing of a country person in the neighbourhood of Coldstream, Berwickshire, in or about the year 1830.

## NO TO BE MARRIED AVA.

Our Girzie was noo thirty-six,
Though some rather mair did her ca',
And ane quite sae auld to get married
Has little or nae chance ava.
And Girzie, aft thinkin' on this,
Lang sighs frae her bosom wad draw;
Oh! is it no awfu' to think
I may na be married ava?

No to be married ava,
No to be married ava;
Oh! is it no awfu' to think
I may na be married ava?

For ilka young lass that can brag
That she has a lover or twa,
Will haud out her finger and say,
"Puir body, she's got nane ava!"
And then, when they a' get married,
Their husbands will let them gang braw,
While they lauch at auld maids like mysel',
For no gettin' married ava.

No to be married ava, etc.

Some women are wasters o' men,
Wear dune naething less than their twa;
Now this I wad haud as a crime,
That oucht to be punished by law;

For are they no muckle to blame,
When thus to themsel's they tak' a',
Ne'er thinkin' o' mony an auld maid,
That's no to be married ava?

No to be married ava, etc.

But as for the men that get wives,
Although it were some ayont twa,
I think they should aye be respeckit
For helpin' sae mony awa'.
Though, for thae auld bachelor bodies,
Their necks everyane I wad thraw;
For what is the use o' their lives,
If they never get married ava?

No to be married ava, etc.

Oh! gin I could get a bit husband,
E'en though he were never sae sma';
If he's only a man, I would tak' him,
Though scarce like a creature ava!
Come souter, come tailor, come tinkler,
Oh! come but and tak' me awa';
And gi'e me a bode ne'er so little,
I'll tak' it and never say na!

No to be married ava, etc.

Come deaf, or come dumb, or come cripple,
Wi' a'e leg, or nae leg ava,
Or come ye wi' a'e e'e or nae e'e,
I'll tak' ye as ready's wi' twa.

Come young, or come auld, or come doited,
  Oh! come ony ane o' ye a',
Far better be married to something
  Than no to be married ava!

No to be married ava, etc.

Now, lads, an' there's ony amang ye
  Wad like just upon me to ca',
Ye'll find me no ill to be courted,
  For shyness I ha'e flung awa';
And if ye should want a bit wifie,
  Ye ken in what quarter to draw,
And e'en should we no mak' a bargain,
  We'll yet get a kissie or twa!

No to be married ava, etc.

"It's a solemn thing to get married, Jeanie lass," remarked an old Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking permission to enter the united state. "I ken that, father," returned the thoughtful girl, "but it's a solemner thing no to be married." In the view of the heroine of this song, indeed, it was a calamity not to be married, and she would give her hand to the first man who asked it, not counting the consequences, silly body! As to the humorous ditty itself, Mr. Whitelaw says it was composed about the year 1826 or 1827, by a young probationer of the Church of Scotland, a native of Ayrshire, who in 1844 was settled as minister of a parish in Aberdeenshire. This statement is, however, only in part correct. The author left the Establishment at the Disruption, and though really subsequently settled in Aberdeenshire, it was not as a parish minister. The song first appeared, says the editor of *Ayrshire Ballads*, in a small weekly publication issued at Kilmarnock, in 1827, and was subsequently copied into *Chambers' Journal*, with some account of the author. It was first dressed out in semi-antique language, but was latterly altered and improved and set out in every-day Scotch by Dr. A. Crawford, of Lochwinnoch. The air is "Woo'd and Married and A'."

## BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

HIGH upon Hielands, and laich upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rade out on a day;
Saddled and bridled, and gallant rade he;
Hame cam' his gude horse, but never cam' he.

Doun cam' his mither dear, greetin' fu' sair,
Out cam' his bonnie bride, riving her hair;
The meadow lies green, and the corn is unshorn,
But bonnie George Campbell will never return.

Saddled and bridled, and booted rade he,
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee;
But toom cam' the saddle, all bloody to see;
Hame cam' his gude horse, but never cam' he.

Where is he lying, ye winds, will ye say?
Is he drowned in the Tummel, or lost in the Tay?
Oh, vain are our wailings, in vain our despair;
Bonnie George Campbell we'll never see mair.

Recovered in part from tradition by John Finlay, the author of *Wallace*, an abridgment of the above was printed by Motherwell in his *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, who suggests that it might be the lament for some adherent of the house of Argyll who fell at the battle of Glenlivet, in October, 1594. Maidment, on the other hand, believed it to allude to the murder of Campbell of Cawdor, by one of his adherents, in 1591. The first two stanzas are undoubtedly ancient, but the third and fourth are evidently of modern origin. The last, indeed, with neither rhyme nor reason in it, is generally printed to read:—

" Where is he lying, tell me but where,
Is he drowned in the Yarrow, or lost in the Quair?
O vain are thy wailings, the echoes reply,
Bonnie George Campbell, ye'll see him nae mair."

The case being as stated, I have dared, by a slight alteration, to give it both rhyme and geographical consistency. I hope I may not be blamed. Brief almost to a fault is this, yet a beautiful and suggestive ballad.

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## THE BLYTHESOME BRIDAL.

Fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be lang-kail aud pottage,
And bannocks o' barley-meal;
And there will be gude saut-herring,
To relish a cog o' gude ale.

And there will be Sandy the souter,
And Will wi' the meikle mou';
And there will be Tam the bluter,
Wi' Andrew the tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow'd-legged Robbie,
Wi' thoomless Katie's gudeman;
And there will be blue-cheeked Dowbie,
And Lawrie, the laird o' the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
And plooky-faced Wat i' the mill,
Capper-nosed Francie and Gibbie,
That wons in the howe o' the hill;
And there will be Alastair Sibbie,
Wha in wi' black Bessie did mool;
Wi' snivelling Lilly, and Tibbie,
The lass that sits aft' on the stool.

And there will be Judan Maclowrie,
And blinkin' daft Barbara Maclegg,
Wi' flae-lugged, sharny-faced Lowrie,
And shangy-mou'd, halucket Meg.
And there will be happer-hipp'd Nancy,
And fairy-fac'd Flowrie, by name,
Muck Madie, and fat-luggit Grizzie,
The lass wi' the gowden kame.

And there will be Girn-again-Gibbie,
Wi' his glaikit wife, Jennie Bell,
And missle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was skipper himsel'.
There lads and lasses in pearlins
Will feast in the heart o' the ha',
On seybows, and rifarts, and carlin's,
That are baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brochan,
Wi' fouth of gude gabbocks o' skate;
Powsowdie, and drammock, and crowdie,
And caller nowt-feet on a plate:

And there will be partans and buckies,
  And whytens and speldins enou',
Wi' singit sheep-heads, and haggis,
  And scadlips to sup till ye're fou.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
  And sowens, and farles, and baps,
Wi' swats and weel-scraped painches,
  And brandy in stoups and in caups;
And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
  Wi' skink to sup till you rive,
And roasts to roast on a brander,
  O' flouks that were taken alive.

Scrap'd haddocks, wilks, dulse, and tangle,
  And a mill o' gude snishing to prie;
When weary wi' eating and drinking,
  We'll rise up and dance till we dee.
Then, fy let us a' to the bridal,
  For there will be lilting there;
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
  The lass wi' the gowden hair.

For a realistic description of an old-fashioned, somewhat towsie, but hearty and genial country feast, nothing has ever been written superior to these verses, which, further, might be chosen to test any one's boasted knowledge of the Scottish vernacular. The song first appeared in Watson's Collection, in 1706, and the authorship has been attributed to Francis Sempill of Beltrees, the writer of the better known song of bonnie "Maggie Lauder," Joanna Baillie made a modern and refined version, which appears in some collections; but that will never dispel the interest continually manifested in the unrestrained original, on which I have ventured only to make some slight modifications. Chambers esteems the song as an extraordinary picture of humble life in a Scotch village in the 17th century. "Over all," he says, "is an air of intense hearty good

humour and love of merriment, and nothing could prove more expressively how much of 'tipsy jest and jollity' there has always lurked under the solemn exterior of Scottish life, or how liable our quiet countrymen are to strange outbreakings of vivacious feelings, even to the extent of recklessness and frolic."

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## PAWKIE PAITERSON'S AULD GREY YAUD.

As I gae'd up by Hawick Loan
A'e Monanday at morn,
'Twas there I heard an auld grey mare
Gie mony a heavy groan;
Gie mony a heavy groan, sirs,
And this she said to mie,
"I'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
See how they're guidin' mie.

"The miller o' Hawick Mill bred mie,
And that you a' do ken;
Hie brocht mie up and fed mie
On mony a sort o' grain.
But now the case is altered,
As ye may plainly see;
I'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
See how they're guidin' mie,

"When a' the rest's sent to the corn,
I'm sent out to the fog;
When a' the rest's sent to the hay
I'm sent out to the bog.

When I gang into Hawick Moss
Its like to swallow mie;
I'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
See how they're guidin' mie.

" And as for Nellie Harkness
She rises aye sae sune;
And ' Lo'dsake! Jock, get up,' she cries,
' The yaud's amang the corn.'
And hie has ta'en the pleugh-staff,
And cam' and swabbled mie;
I'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
See how they're guidin' mie.

" There's Rob Young o' the Back Raw,
He's aften shod my clutes;
And I'll leave him my shank-steels
To be a pair o' boots.
If he push his legs weel in them,
They'll come up till his knee;
I'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
See how they're guidin' mie.

" And as for Peggie Duncan,
She is a bonnie lass,
And I'll lease her my e'e-holes
To mak' a keekin'-glass;
They'll gar her een see straichter,
For they aften squint aglee;
I'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
See how they're guidin' mie.

"For the minister o' Wilton,
His coat is worn sae thin,
That for to keep him frae the cauld
I'll leave him my auld skin:
Wi' hide and hair to keep him warm
As lang as it's done mie;
I'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
See how they're guidin' mie.

"And as for Dyker Stewart,
He's aye sae scarce o' stanes,
That for to mend his auld fael dykes,
I'll leave him my auld banes.
And a' the callants o' Hawick loan
May mak' bonfires o' mie;
I'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
Sae that's the end o' mie."

This quaint and curious ditty is popularly ascribed to George Ballantyne, a stocking-maker in Hawick, well known in his day as "Soapy Ballantyne," and who died many years ago. Supposed to be a parody on an old Northumbrian ballad, the piece first came before the public in or about the year 1811; and set out as it is in the true Teri vernacular, it has always been very popular in the district to which it belongs. But it has been sung far from Hawick, and its appearance here will afford it yet a wider field. The author of the words, by the bye, receives credit also for the music, and popularised the ballad, I have been told, by singing it at weddings and social gatherings generally, where he frequently officiated as fiddler and minstrel.

## LEEZIE LINDSAY.

"WILL ye gang wi' me, Leezie Lindsay?
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye gang wi' me, Leezie Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be?"

"To gang to the Hielands wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be;
For I ken na the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'."

"O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae be ye dinna ken me;
My name is Lord Ronald Macdonald,
A chieftain o' high degree."

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to her knee;
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

**At least seven different versions of this ballad, some of them extending to great length, have been printed, but the few simple and direct verses given here are all that have generally been sung. Burns sent the first verse, in slightly different form, with its air, to Johnson, and Robert Allan of Kilbarchan has been credited with the other three. The lady, according to a tradition of the Mearns, was a daughter of Lindsay of Edzell; but Kinloch, the antiquarian, says he searched in vain for any confirmation of the story. John Wilson, the famous vocalist, sang the piece into universal knowledge.**

## NAE BONNIE LADDIE WAD TAK' HER AWA'.

A LASSIE lived down by yon burn-braes,
And she was weel provided wi' claes;
She had three mutches a' but twa',
Yet nae bonnie laddie wad tak' her awa'.

Tak' her awa', tak' her awa',
Nae bonnie laddie wad tak' her awa';
She had three mutches a' but twa,
Yet nae bonnie laddie wad tak' her awa'.

She had a goun, it was at the makin',
It wanted the forebreadth, it wanted the backin';
It wanted the sleeves, and the lining and a',
Yet nae bonnie laddie wad tak' her awa'.

She had twa stockings at the knitting,
They wanted the legs, they wanted the fitting;
They wanted the heads, the heels, and a',
Yet nae bonnie laddie wad tak' her awa'.

She had a shawl, it was like a riddle,
It wadna be the waur o' a thread and needle:
For the middle was holed, and the border awa',
Yet nae bonnie laddie wad tak' her awa'.

She had a pouch to haud her siller,
Wi' it she thocht to catch the miller;
She tint the pouch, and the siller and a',
Yet nae bonnie laddie wad tak' her awa'.

She had a kist to haud her claes,
It micht hae served her a' her days;
But, like a gowk, she gied it awa',
And nae bonnie laddie wad tak' her awa'.

And noo she lives in a wee bit garret,
Without a friend, but a cat and a parrot;
For her faither is dead, and her mither and a',
And nae bonnie laddie will tak' her awa'.

And what can she do but live her lane,
Sin' a' her hopes o' marriage are gane;
For she's auld and bauld, she's wrinkled and a',
And nae bonnie laddie will tak' her awa'.

Now, listen, fair damsels, to my lays,
Ye wha are vain about your claes;
If ye're no gude as weel as braw,
There's nae bonnie laddie will tak' ye awa'.

Tak' ye awa', tak' ye awa',
Nae bonnie laddie will tak' ye awa';
If ye're no gude as weel as braw,
There's nae bonnie laddie will tak' ye awa'.

How old this song is it would be difficult to say. Under the title of "The Lass's Wardrobe," it was given in No. 175 of *Chambers's Journal*, where it is said to have been written by an old unmarried lady as a kind of burlesque of her own habits and history. Clearly it suggested the next song, or the next suggested it.

## NAE BONNIE LADDIE WILL TAK' ME AWA'.

My name it is Jean, and my age is fifteen ;
My father's a farmer, he lives on the plain ;
Of money he's plenty, which mak's me sae braw,
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

Each morning I rise, and mak' mysel' clean,
Wi' ruffles and ribbons, and everything fine :
Wi' the finest hair cushions, and French curls twa,
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

Around my fair neck I wear gauze that's most fine,
That the boys may easily view my white skin ;
For my skin is as white as the new-driven snaw,
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

In my barrel-breast stays I am laced sae neat,
That scarcely I'm able to stoop to my feet ;
My gown's in the fashion, wi' haunch-knots sae braw,
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

My petticoats, too, they are flowered sae deep,
Wi' box-plaits and fringes close down to my feet ;
My apron is fringed wi' a fine fa' belaw,
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

My shoon they are made o' the lasting sae strong,
I'm sure they're admired by baith auld and young;
A saxpence will cover my heels, they're sae sma',
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

My fine Holland smock I had almost forgot,
Without ony stain, and without ony spot;
O, the weaver he says he ne'er wrocht ane sae sma'
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

Of all education I'm sure I've the best,
For I can mak' everything up to the taste;
I can work the fine laces, like Dresden sae sma',
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

And when that I dance, my feet due time do keep,
From under my petticoat playing bo-peep;
My stockings are made of cotton sae sma',
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

It's ten times a day I look in the glass,
And think in my heart that I am a fine lass;
I gie a loud laugh, and a louder guffaw,
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

At Kirk, ilka Sunday, I'm sure to be there,
But our priest he ne'er mentions in preaching or prayer;
In preaching or prayer there's no a'e word at a',
For to order young men to tak' maidens awa'.

And when I come hame then my mother does cry,
"For as braw as ye're dress'd a' the lads aye pass by;
Ere I was your age I had lads twenty-twa,
But I think ne'er a laddie will tak' ye awa'."

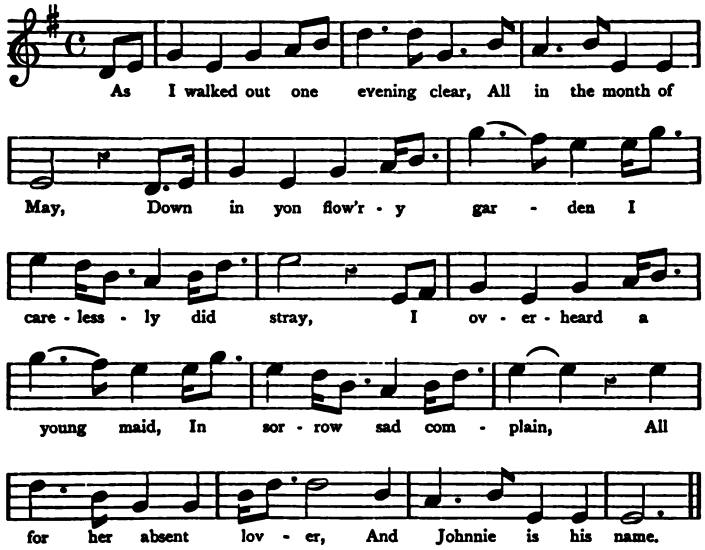
This speech o' my mother's it mak's me quite mad,
For to think that I'm courted by never a lad;
Yet I hope the time's comin' when it will end a',
And some bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

And when I am married I'll do what I can,
To mak' a gude wife, and please my gudeman;
We'll maybe hae bairns in years less than twa,
Then I'll bless aye the day I was taken awa'.

Then, be na offended at what I ha'e said,
For it's but the language o' every young maid:
It's the wish o' a' wishes, o' ane and o' a',
That some bonnie laddie will tak' them awa'.

James Maidment says the above was written by an inhabitant of Falkirk, of the name of Thomas Scot, on a young lady of the name of Russel, the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood. And he adds that the young lady actually did find a "bonnie laddie to tak' her awa'," and she had at least one daughter who was also in due time "taken awa'."

## THE BANKS O' CLAUDY.




As I walked out one evening clear, all in the month of May,
Down in yon flow'ry garden I carelessly did stray,
I overheard a young maid, in sorrow sad complain,
All for her absent lover, and Johnnie is his name.

I boldly stepped up to her, I put her in surprise;
I own she did not know me, I being in disguise:
I said, "My pretty fair maid, my joy and heart's delight,
How far do you mean to wander this dark and dreary night?"

"Kind sir, the road to Claudy will you be pleased to show?
And pity the distressed, for there I mean to go,
In search of a faithless young man, and Johnnie is his name,
And on the banks of Claudy I'm told he does remain."

"This is the banks o' Claudy, fair maid, whereon you stand,
But don't depend on Johnnie, for he's a false young man;
It's don't depend on Johnnie, for he'll not meet you here,
Tarry with me in the greenwood, no danger you need fear."

"If Johnnie he was here to-night he'd keep me from all harm,
But he's in the field of battle all in his uniform;
He's in the field of battle, his foes he does defy,
Like a ruling king of honour, all on the walls of Troy."

"It's ten long weeks and better since Johnnie left the shore,
He's crossing the main ocean where lofty billows roar;
He's crossing the main ocean for honour and for fame,
And I am told the ship was wreck'd upon the coast of Spain."

It's when she heard the dreadful news she fell in deep despair,
With the wringing of her hands and the tearing of her hair—
"Than my true and faithful Johnnie, no other man I'll take;
Thro' lonesome groves and valleys I'll wander for his sake."

It's when he saw her loyalty no longer could he stand,
He fell into her arms, saying, "Bessie, I'm the man"—
Saying, "Bessie, I'm the young man, the cause of all your pain,
And, since we've met on Claudy's banks, we ne'er shall part again."

Many will recognise and welcome an old country favourite here; and will be grateful not more for the words than for the pleasing ballad melody with which they have been so intimately associated. The drift of the song is common to its class (see "Cairn-o'-Mount" in first series), and had the dignity of being employed by Burns in "The Soldier's Return." The air is supplied from memory, by Mr. Walter Deans, Glasgow.

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## CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.

Touch once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead.
For a prince of worthy fellows.
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches,
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
Or a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking
Round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine
They were whiter than the snow—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart
That about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee,
That some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue
That did o'er his shoulders flow—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we foregathered
He took off his wee three-cockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side pocket,
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan,
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton:
And on entering the coffee-room
About two, all men did know,
They would see him with his *Courier*
In the middle of the row—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Now and then upon a Sunday
He invited me to dine,
On a herring and a mutton-chop
Which his maid dressed very fine;
There was also a little Malmsay
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the Captain
Passed nimbly to and fro—
Oh! I shall ne'er take pot-luck with Captain Paton no mo'e.

Or if a bowl was mentioned,
The Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly rin to the West-port,
And a stoup of water bring;
Then would he mix the genuine stuff
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow—
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon
He had heard from Dr. Porteous;
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs. So and So,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *con* but not the *pro*—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden-field or Dettingen—
How he fought with a French Major,
And despatched him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below—
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

But at last the Captain sickened
And grew worse from day to day,
And all missed him in the coffee-room,
From which now he staid away;
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd Kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And in spite of all that Cleghorn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms,
That death was in his view;
So the Captain made his test'ment
And submitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn-kirk—
'Tis the way we all must go—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
  And let punch and tears be shed
For this prince of good old fellows
  That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows,
  And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
  In sorrow, grief, and woe!
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

In a rum and racy article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, 1819, details are given of a dinner in "The Last Day of the Tent," whereat the Bishop of Bristol volunteered to sing in low plaintive notes, supported by a chorus, "Captain Paton's Lament," by "James Scott, Esq." The vivid and clever personal portraiture, however, was in reality the work of John Gibson Lockhart, the gifted son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, who but for his love of mystery and practical joking would have confessed the paternity. Captain Paton, as is well known, was a real personage, and lived for many years with two maiden sisters in a tenement of his own opposite the Old Exchange, in Glasgow. His title of Captain, Mr. Whitelaw tells us, he claimed from a commission which he held in a regiment that had been raised in Scotland for the Dutch service. He died in 1807, at the age of sixty-eight. Lockhart's description of the "venerable beau" is said by those who knew him, to be accurate as it is graphic. In an old view of the Trongate, the Captain is seen picking his way with his rattan across the street, which proves that he was in his own day even, and before the poet immortalized him, a somewhat noted personage. One statement of the poet only calls for correction. Captain Paton was buried in his father's lair in the High Church burying-ground, and not by the "Ram's-horn-kirk," as reported in the "Lament." Where the "prince of worthy fellow's" lies, however, few will care in these days. Enough for us now to know that he lived; since live he will, in all but the fact, so long as this excellent ditty, all for his sake, continues to be sung.

## IMPH-M.

WHEN I was a laddie langsyne at the schule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule;
For somehoo his words I could ne'er understan',
Unless when he bawl'd, "Jamie, haud oot yer han'!"
Then I gloom'd and said "Imph-m," I glunch'd and said
"Imph-m,"
I wasna ower proud, but ower dour to say—aye!

A'e day a queer word, as lang-nebbit's himsel',
He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
Quo' I, "Maister Quill, wi' a kind o' a swither,
I'll spell ye the word if ye'll spell me anither;
Let's hear ye spell Imph-m, that common word Imph-m,
That auld Scotch word Imph-m; ye ken it means—aye!"

Had ye seen hoo he glower'd, hoo he scratched his big pate,
An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!
Get aff to yer seat, ye're the plague o' the schule!
The de'il o' me kens if ye're maist rogue or fule!"
But I only said "Imph-m," that common word Imph-m,
That auld-farran' Imph-m, that stan's for an—aye?

An' when, a brisk woo'er, I courted my Jean—
O' Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—
When 'neath my grey plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,
I speir'd in a whisper if she'd be my ain,
She blushed an' said "Imph-m," that charming word
Imph-m!
A thoosan' times better an' sweeter than—aye!

An' noo I'm a dad, wi' a house o' my ain,
A dainty bit wifie and mair than a'e wean;
But the warst o't is this, when a question I speir,
They put on a look sae auld-farran' an' queer,
An' only say "Imph-m"—that daft-like word Imph-m,
That vulgar word Imph-m; they winna say—aye?

Ye've heard hoo the de'il, as he wauchell'd through Beith,
Wi' a wife in ilk' oxter, and ane in his teeth,
When some one cried oot, "Will ye tak' mine the morn?"
He wagg'd his auld tail while he cockit his horn,
But only said "Imph-m!" That useful word Imph-m;
Wi' sic a big mouthfu' he couldna say—aye!

Sae I've gi'en ower the "Imph-m"—it's no a nice word;
When printed on paper it's perfect absurd;
An' if ye're ower lazy to open your jaw,
Just haud ye your tongue an' say naething ava;
But never say Imph-m, that daft-like word Imph-m,
It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid—aye?

Many thousands of people are familiar with this pawkie and clever song who never heard of its author, the late James Nicholson, of Govan, well known even though he was as a Scottish poet of admirable quality and variety. Born in Edinburgh in 1822, Mr. Nicholson was for many years foreman tailor at Merryflats Poorhouse, and lived in a sweet little cottage within the grounds, whence issued the larger measure of his mature verse. He died in 1897. His song here has been sometimes printed with the verses differently ranged, and so set even by the author's own hand; but above it is set in the order in which he latterly desired it should always appear and be sung, or recited. It's air is "The Bonnie Wee Window."

## THE CAMERONIAN CAT.

THERE was an auld Seceder's cat
Gaed hunting for a prey,
And ben the house she catch'd a mouse
Upon the Sabbath day.

The Whig, he being offended
At such an act profane,
Laid by the Book, the cat he took,
And bound her in a chain.

"Thou damned, thou cursed creature,
This deed so dark with thee,
Think'st thou to bring to hell below
My holy wife and me?

"Assure thyself that for the deed
Thou blood for blood shall pay,
For killing of the Lord's own mouse
Upon the Sabbath day."

The Presbyter laid by the Book,
And earnestly he pray'd
That the great sin the cat had done
Might not on him be laid.

And straight to execution
Poor pussy she was drawn,
And high hang'd up upon a tree—
The preacher sang a psalm.

And when the work was ended,
They thought the cat was dead,
She gave a paw, and then a meow,
And stretched out her head.

"Thy name," said he, "shall certainly
A beacon still remain,
A terror unto evil doers
For evermore, Amen."

These humorous verses, though they have not been often printed, have been passed down from mouth to mouth. Hogg, to be sure, includes the piece in *The Jacobite Relics*, where he says it is very old. Further he says, "It is by some called 'The Presbyterian Cat,' but more generally as above; and is always sung by the wags in mockery of the great pretended strictness of the Covenanters, which is certainly, in some cases, carried to an extremity rather ludicrous. I have heard them myself when distributing the Sacrament, formally debar from the table the King and all his ministers; all witches and warlocks'; all who had committed or attempted suicide; all who played at cards and dice; all the men who had ever danced opposite to a woman, and every woman who had ever danced with her face toward a man; all the men who looked at their cattle or crops, and all the women who pulled green kail or scraped potatoes, on the Sabbath-day; and I have been told, that in former days they debarred all who used fanners for cleaning their oats, instead of God's natural wind. The air is very sweet, but has a strong resemblance to one of their popular psalm-tunes." It is a psalm tune, indeed—"Irish"—and the practice when singing the piece is to "read the line," in imitation of the old style in vogue in public worship when so many of the common people could not read for themselves.

## THE BOLD SODGER BOY.

Oh! there's not a trade that's going,
Worth showing or knowing,
Like that from glory growing,
For the bold sodger boy.

Where right or left we go,
We know no friend or foe,
But will have the hand or toe
From the bold sodger boy.
There's not a town we march through,
But ladies looking arch through
The window-panes will search through,
The ranks to find their joy;
While up the street each girl we meet,
Will quickly cry, as we pass by,
"Oh, isn't he a darling, the bold sodger boy?"

But when we get the rout,
How they pout and they shout,
While to the right about
Goes the bold sodger boy;
Oh, 'tis then the ladies fair,
In despair tear their hair,
But the devil a hair I care,
Says the bold sodger boy.
For the world is all before us,
Where the landladies adore us,
And ne'er refuse to score us,
But chalk us out with joy;
We taste her tap, we tear her cap,
"Oh, that's the chap for me," says she,
"For isn't he a darling, the bold sodger boy?"

Then come along with me,
Gramachree, and you'll see
How happy you will be
With your bold sodger boy;

Faith, if you're up to fun,
With me run, 'twill be done
In the snapping of a gun,
Says the bold sodger boy.
And 'tis then, without scandal,
Myself will proudly dandle
The little farthing candle
Of our mutual flame, my joy;
May his light shine as bright as mine,
Till in the line he'll blaze and raise
The glory of his corps, like a bold sodger boy.

Many will recall the above as a popular street song all over Scotland forty and more years ago. Exhibiting less style, admittedly, it yet embraces statements and suggestions more characteristic of our country's fighting men than, perhaps, the best that is enshrined in Kipling's recent and hugely over-rated "Absent-minded Beggar." It displays more of the typical soldier spirit, too: and that means a deal.

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## MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

I've spent my time in rioting,
Debauch'd my health and strength,
I've pillaged, plunder'd, murdered,
But now, alas! at length
I'm brought to punishment direct;
Pale death draws near to me;
This end I never did project—
To hang upon a tree.

But dantonly, and wantonly,
And rantingly I'll gae;
I'll play a tune, and dance it roun'
Beneath the gallows tree.

To hang upon a tree, a tree!
That cursed, unhappy death!
Like to a wolf, to worried be,
And chokèd in the breath.
My very heart wad surely break,
When this I think upon,
Did not my courage singular
Bid pensive thoughts begone.

No man on earth that draweth breath
More courage had than I;
I dared my foes unto their face,
And would not from them fly;
This grandeur stout I did keep out
Like Hector, manfully;
Then wonder one like me so stout
Should hang upon a tree.

The Egyptian band I did command,
With courage more by far
Than ever did a general
His soldiers in the war.
Being feared by all, both great and small,
I lived most joyfullie;
Oh, curse upon this fate of mine
To hang upon a tree!

As for my life, I do not care,
If justice would take place,
And bring my fellow-plunderers
Unto the same disgrace.
But Peter Brown, the notour loon,
Escaped, and was made free;
Oh, curse upon this fate of mine
To hang upon a tree!

Both law and justice buried are,
And fraud and guile succeed;
The guilty pass unpunished,
If money intercede.
The Laird of Grant, that Highland saunt,
His mighty majestie,
He pleads the cause of Peter Brown,
And lets Macpherson dee.

The destiny of my life, contrived
By those whom I obliged,
Rewarded me much ill for good,
And left me no refuge.
But Braco Duff, in rage enough,
He first laid hands on me;
And if that death would not prevent,
Avenged would I be.

As for my life, it is but short
When I shall be no more;
To part with life I am content,
As any heretofore.

Therefore, good people, all take heed,
  This warning take by me;
According to the lives you lead
  Rewarded you shall be.

But dantonly, and wantonly,
  And rantingly I'll gae;
I'll play a tune, and dance it roun'
  Beneath the gallows tree.

This rare old rant, which gave Burns the material for his stirring lyric of the same title, is said to have been written by the notorious freebooter whose name it bears, while he lay under sentence of death in the fall of the year 1700. After holding the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, in fear for a number of years, Macpherson was seized by Duff of Braco, ancestor of the Earl of Fife, and along with certain gypsies who had been taken in his company, was tried before the Sheriff of Banffshire, and convicted of being "repute an Egyptian and vagabond, and oppressor of His Majesty's free leiges, in a bangstre manner." Traditionary accounts describe him as a person of immense strength, and courage, and the possessor besides of fine musical instincts. When brought to the place of execution, on the Gallows Hill of Banff, on the 16th November, in the year named, he played on his violin, says report, the stirring tune he had composed for these words in the condemned cell, and then asked if any friend was present who would accept the instrument as a gift at his hands. No one coming forward, he indignantly broke the violin on his knee, and threw away the fragments, after which he submitted to his fate. Sir Walter Scott says he offered the violin to any of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body at his lykewake, and none answering, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder. We have here, then, not only a vagabond song of excellent character, but the song of a vagabond poet, the bravest and the boldest and the best, who, notwithstanding his lawlessness, claims much of our native admiration.

## OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Jockie met with Jenny fair,
Aft' by the dawning o' the day;
But Jockie now is fu' o' care,
Since Jenny staw his heart away:
Altho' she promised to be true,
She proven has, alake! unkind,
Which gars poor Jockie aften rue,
That e'er he lo'ed a fickle mind.

It's over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now Jockie was a bonnie lad
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
Altho' poor man! he's e'en gane wud,
Since Jenny has gart him despair,
Young Jockie was a piper's son,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the spring that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away."

It's over the hills, etc.

He sang, "When first my Jenny's face
I saw, she seemed sae fu' of grace;
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd.

Oh! were she but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my despair;
Instead of that she is unkind,
And wavers like the winter wind.

It's over the hills, etc.

"Ah! could she find the dismal wae,
That for her sake I undergae;
She could na chuse but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief.
But oh! she is as false as fair,
Which causes a' my sighs and care;
She triumphs in a proud disdain,
And takes a pleasure in my pain.

It's over the hills, etc.

"Hard was my hap to fa' in love
Wi' ane that does sae faithless prove;
Hard was my fate to court a maid
That has my constant heart betray'd.
A thousand times to me she sware
She wad be true for evermair;
But, to my grief, alake! I say,
She staw my heart, and ran away.

It's over the hills, etc.

Since that nae pity she will take,
I maun gae wander for her sake;
And in ilk' wood and gloomy grove,
I'll, sighing, sing adieu to love.

Since she is false whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe will sweetly play.

Over the hills and far away,
O'er hills and dales and far away;
Over the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

This is a common song in the chapbooks printed about the beginning of the century, some copies embracing two unessential verses, which I have studiously omitted.

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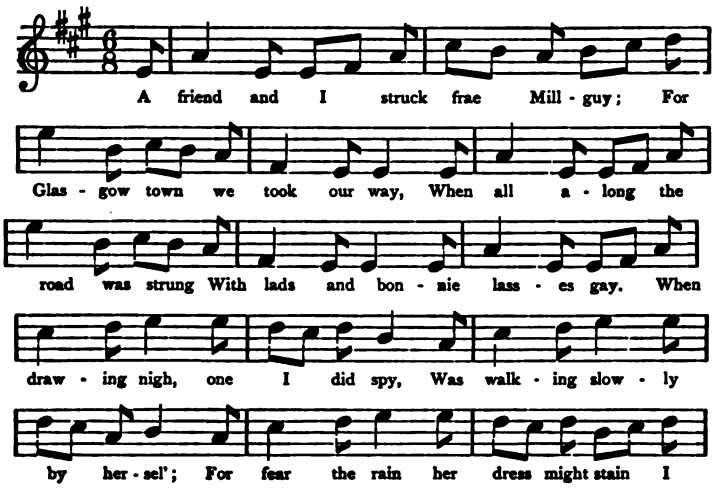
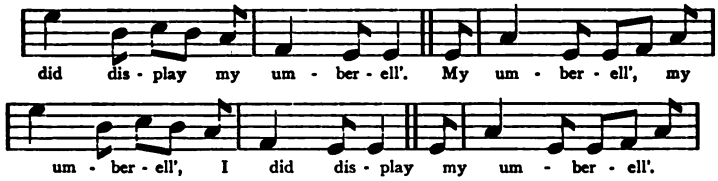
## THE FEEING TIME.






A FRIEND and I struck frae Millguy,
For Glasgow town we took our way;
When all along the road was strung,
With lads and bonnie lasses gay.
When drawing nigh, one I did spy,
Was walking slowly by hersel';
For fear the rain her dress might stain,
I did display my umberell'.

My umberell', my umberell',
I did display my umberell'.

"Where are you gaun, my bonnie lass?
How far now are you gaun this way?"
"To Glasgow town, sir, I am bound,
For this, you know, is feeing-day."
Says I, "The day seems wet to be,
Although the morning did look fine."
Smiling, she said, "I am afraid,
I'll no be in by feeing-time."

"Heeze up your heart, my bonnie lass,
We'll ha'e gude weather by-and-bye;
And don't be sad when wi' a lad—
A roving baker frae Millguy.

And if you'll here accept my cheer,
A cup o' tea, or glass o' wine;
We'll rest awhile, and yet we will
Reach Glasgow ere the feeing-time.

She gave consent, and in we went
Into an ale-house by the way;
Wi' crack and glass the time did pass
Till baith forgot the feeing-day.
The clock struck three, she smiled on me,
"Young man," says she, "the fault is thine;
The night is on, and I'm from home—
Besides, I've lost the feeing-time."

"My lass, don't grieve, for while I live,
I ne'er intend to harm you;
The marriage tie if you will try,
Your baker lad will aye prove true."
"I am too young to wed a man—
My mother she has nane but me;
Yet I'll comply, and ne'er deny,
Far better wed than take a fee."

We spent the night in merriment,
We wedded finely were next day;
And aye my lass she did confess
'Twas weel to lose the feeing-day.
My love and me, we sae agree,
I'm sure she never will repine;
But every day will smile and say,
"I'm glad I lost the feeing-time."

Like so many of the wandering country class to which it belongs, the above song is poor as literature. It is yet, however, worth preserving for the sake of the vogue it once enjoyed, and to fix in permanency the characteristic rural melody belonging to it, and for which I am indebted, as so frequently in the same way, to Mr. D. Kippen, of Crieff, who noted it many years ago from the singing of an itinerant musician at a village fair in Perthshire. I have modified some of the verses.

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## JOHNNIE COPE.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
"Come, Charlie, meet me, an' ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet wi' me i' the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were waukin' I would wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"Come, follow me, my merry, merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

"Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word,
Come, let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna rin awa like a frichted bird,
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss,
To ha'e a horse in readiness,
To fleė awa' i' the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Fye, Johnnie, now, get up and rin;
The Highland bagpipes make a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speir'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The de'il confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Now, Johnnie, troth, ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

"I' faith," quo' Johnnie, "I gat sic flegs,
Wi' their lang claymores and philabegs;
If I face them again, deil break my legs!
So I wish you a' gude morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Written by Adam Skirving, a wealthy farmer of Haddingtonshire, immediately after the historic battle of Prestonpans, there have been few humorous Scotch songs that have enjoyed more general favour than "Johnnie Cope." The author is spoken of as a very athletic man, with a sharp and ready wit, and not much addicted to verse, but who excelled in all manner of manly sports, and exercises, and particularly was a keen golfer and curler. In addition to the song here, he wrote a still more graphic ballad, in celebration of the same subject, called "Tranent Muir." Among the various personages referred to in the latter—which is of considerable length—was a certain Lieutenant Smith, an Irishman, who displayed very considerable cowardice on the occasion. Says the poet:—

"And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man,
His horse being shot, it was his lot,
To get many a wound, man.
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he called for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap ower his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

"He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man,
To Berwick rade, and safely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man.
But let that end, for weel 'tis kenn'd,
His use and wont to lee, man,
The league is noucht, he never foucht,
When he had room to flee, man."

Immediately on the source of the satire being communicated to the heroic (?) Lieutenant Smith, that gentleman despatched a junior officer to farmer Skirving bearing a challenge that demanded the poet to meet him, and try the quarrel hilt to hilt. The rustic bard's reply was of a piece with the attack, "Gang back," said he, "and tell Lieutenant Smith that I have nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here and I'll tak' a look at him, and if I think I am fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; if no, I'll do as he did—*I'll rin awa'*."

## THE GUDE GUDEWIFE.

To ha'e a wife and rule a wife,
  Tak's a wise man, tak's a wise man;
But to get a wife to rule a man,
  O that ye can, O that ye can.
So the wife that's wise we aye maun prize,
  For they're few, ye ken, they're few, ye ken;
O Solomon says ye'll no find ane
  In hundreds ten, in hundreds ten.

When a man's wed, it's aften said,
  He's aye ower blate, he's aye ower blate;
He strives to improve his first calf love
  When it's ower late, when it's ower late.
Ye maun daut o' them, and mak' o' them,
  Or they'll tak' the hood—the barley-hood;
Gin the hinnymoon wad ne'er gang dune,
  They'd aye be gude, they'd aye be gude.

O gin ye marry when ye're auld,
  Ye will get jeers, ye will get jeers;
And if she be a bonnie lass,
  Ye may get fears, ye may get fears.
And gin she's tall, when she grows baul',
  She'll crack your croun, she'll crack your croun;
And gif ye pley wi' ane that's wee,
  She'll pu' ye doun, she'll pu' ye doun.

So he that gets a gude gudewife,
  Gets gear enough, gets gear enough;
And he that gets an ill gudewife,
  Gets care enough, gets care enough.
For a man may spend and ha'e to the end,
  If his wife be oucht, if his wife be oucht;
But a man may spare, and aye be bare,
  If his wife be noucht, if his wife be noucht.

Whence this wise and true song no one may be able to tell. Chambers printed the first and fourth verses only, which he said were taken down from the singing of an elderly man residing in Peebles. Whitelaw, reproducing these, was able to add the second and third, but printed the whole without comment. The air is "The Lass o' Livingston," which is one of the tunes in Henry Playford's Collection of 1700.

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## DRINKIN' DRAMS.

*(The Tippler's Progress).*

He ance was holy,
An' melancholy,
Till he fand the folly
  O' singin' psalms;
He's now as red's a rose,
An' there's pimples on his nose,
An' in size it daily grows,
  By drinkin' drams.

He ance was weak,
An' couldna eat a steak
Without gettin' sick,
  An' takin' qualms;
But now he can eat
At ony kind o' meat,
For he's got an appeteet
  By drinkin' drams.

He ance was thin,
Wi' a nose like a pen,
An' hands like a hen,
  An' nae hams;
But now he's roond an' ticht,
An' a deevil o' a wight,
For he's got himsel' put right
  By drinkin' drams.

He ance was saft as dirt,
An' pale as ony shirt,
An' as useless as a cart
  Without the trams;
But now he'd face the de'il,
Or swallow Jonah's whale—
He's as gleg's a puddock's tail
  Wi' drinkin' drams.

Oh! pale, pale was his hue,
An' cauld, cauld was his brow,
An' he grumbled like a ewe
  'Mang libbit rams;

But now his brow is bricht,
An' his een are orbs o' licht,
An' his nose is just a sicht
  Wi' drinkin' drams.

He studied mathematics,
Logic, ethics, hydrostatics,
Till he needed diuretics
  To lowse his dams;
But now withoot a lee,
He could mak' anither sea,
For he's left philosophy
  An' ta'en to drams.

He fand that learnin', fame,
Gas, philanthropy, an' steam,
Logic, loyalty, gude name,
  Were a' mere shams;
That the source o' joy below,
An' the antidote to woe,
An' the only proper go,
  Is drinkin' drams.

It's true that he can see
Auld Nick, wi' gloatin' e'e,
Just waitin' till he dee
  'Mid frichts an' dwams;
But what's Auld Nick to him,
Or palsied tongue an' limb,
Wi' glass filled to the brim
  When drinkin' drams!

Since "Drinkin' Drams" was written—in the third or fourth decade of the century—the temperance cause has made great progress in Scotland, as elsewhere, and deservedly so. But progress aside, it will surely be the temperance people, rather than the topers anywhere, that will laugh with unqualified heartiness over this ironically humorous, and pungent and clever song. The author, George Outram, who wrote besides "The Annuity" and a variety of Scottish songs and poems, remarkable individually for their depiction of the whimsicalities of local life and character, was born in the vicinity of Glasgow in 1805. Educated at Leith, he afterwards went through the regular curriculum of the University of Edinburgh, and in 1827 became a member of the Faculty of Advocates. In 1837 he accepted the editorship of the *Glasgow Herald*, then, as now, the leading newspaper of the West of Scotland. He died in 1856. The air to his song here is "My Love's in Germany."

## BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.

You may sing o' your Wallace, and brag o' your Bruce,
And talk o' your fechtin' Red Reiver,
But whaur will ye find me a man o' sic use,
As a thorough-bred Saut Market Weaver?
Let ance Nicol Jarvie come under your view,
At hame whaur the people adore me,
Whaur they made me a bailie and councillor too,
Like my faither, the Deacon, before me.

These claverin' chiel's in the clachan hard bye,
They'll no gi'e a body but hard words,
My faith! they shall find if again they will try,
A het poker's as gude as their braidswords;
It's as weel though to let that flee stick to the wa',
For mayhap they may chance to claymore me,
To let sleepin' dogs lie is the best thing ava,
Said my faither, the Deacon, before me.

My puir cousin Rab, O ! his terrible wife
Was sae proud, that she chose to disown me,
Fient a bodle cared she for a magistrate's life,
My conscience ! she was just gaun to drown me.
But if ever again in her clutches I pop,
Puir Matty may live to deplore me,
But were I in Glasgow, I'd stick to my shop,
Like my faither, the Deacon, before me.

Now, to think o' them hangin' a bailie so high,
To be picked at by corbies and burdies !
But if I were at Glasgow, my conscience ! I'll try
That their craigs feel the weight o' their hurdies.
But stop, Nicol ! stop, man ! na, that canna be,
For if ane wad to hame safe restore me,
In the Saut Market safe, I'd forget and forgi'e—
Like my faither, the Deacon, before me.

Mackay, the celebrated Scotch actor, when performing in his great character of "the Bailie," in *Rob Roy*, was in the regular habit of coming before the footlights after the curtain had fallen on the last scene, and singing this song, which was always greatly appreciated. It might be revived with effect. The authorship has been ascribed to William Murray, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

## SYMON AND JANET.

Surrounded wi' bent and wi' heather,
Where muircocks and plovers were rife,
For mony a lang towmond thegether,
There lived an auld man and his wife;

About the affairs o' the nation
The twasome they seldom were mute;
Bonaparte, the French, and invasion,
Did sa'ur in their wizzins like soot.

In winter, when deep were the gutters,
And nicht's gloomy canopy spread,
Auld Symon sat luntin' his cuttie,
And lowsin' his buttons for bed;
Auld Janet, his wife, out a-gazing,
To lock in the door was her care;
She, seeing our signals a-blazing,
Came rinnin' in ryving her hair:

"O, Symon, the Frenchies are landit!
Gae look, man, and slip on your shoon;
Our signals, I see them extendit,
Like red risin' rays frae the moon."
"What a plague! the French landit!" quo' Symon,
And clash gaed his pipe to the wa':
"Faith, then, there's be loadin' and primin'," 
Quo' he, "if they're landit ava.

"Our youngest son's in the militia,
Our eldest grandson's volunteer:
O' the French to be fu' o' the flesh o',
I too i' the ranks shall appear."
His waistcoat-pouch fill'd he wi' pouther,
And bang'd down his rusty auld gun;
His bullets he pat in the other,
That he for the purpose had run.

Then humpled he out in a hurry,
  While Janet his courage bewails,
And cried out, "Dear Symon, be wary!"
  And teuchly she hung by his tails.
"Let be wi' your kindness," cried Symon,
  "Nor vex me wi' tears and your cares;
For, now to be ruled by a woman,
  Nae laurels shall crown my grey hairs."

"Then hear me," quo' Janet, "I pray thee,
  I'll tend thee, love, livin' or deid,
And if thou should fa', I'll dee wi' thee,
  Or tie up thy wounds if thou bleed."
Quo' Janet, "O, keep frae the riot!
  Last nicht, man, I dreamt ye was deid:
This aucht days I've tentit a pyot
  Sit chatt'rin' upon the house-heid.

"As yesterday, workin' my stockin',
  And you wi' the sheep on the hill,
A muckle black corbie sat croakin';
  I kenn'd it forebodit some ill."
"Hout, cheer up, dear Janet, be hearty;
  For, ere the neist sun may gae down,
Wha kens but I'll shoot Bonaparte,
  And end my auld days in renown."

Syne aff in a hurry he stumpled,
  Wi' bullets, and pouther, and gun;
At's curpin auld Janet, too, humpled
  Awa' to the neist neebour-toun:

There footmen and yeomen paradin',
To scour aff in dirdum were seen;
And wives and young lasses a' sheddin'
The briny saut tears frae their een.

Then aff wi' his bonnet got Symie,
And to the commander he gaes,
Quo' he, "Sir, I mean to gae wi' ye,
And help ye to lounder our faes:
I'm auld, yet I'm teuch as the wire,
Sae we'll at the rogues ha'e a dash,
And fegs, if my gun winna fire,
I'll turn her but-end and I'll thrash."

"Well spoken, my hearty old hero!"
The captain did smilin' reply;
But begg'd he wad stay till to-morrow,
Till day-licht should glent in the sky.
What reck, a' the stoure cam' to naething,
Sae Symon, and Janet, his dame,
Halescart, frae the wars, without skaithing,
Gaed, bannin' the French, awa' hame.

Produced in the year 1803, during the alarm occasioned by a threatened French invasion of this country, the above has enjoyed a long lease of an exceptionally well merited popularity. Nothing surely in its way could be happier. The author, Andrew Scott, a native of the parish of Bowden, in Roxburghshire, and himself an old soldier, who enlisted in the 80th Regiment in the second year of the American War, and served in five campaigns, being with the army under Cornwallis when that General surrendered at Yorktown, Virginia, was for many years of his later life a day labourer, as well as "betheral" and minister's man at Bowden. He published several volumes of poems, one of which at least had run into a second edition ere his death, in 1839.

## SANDY AND JOCKIE.

Twa bonnie lads were Sandy and Jockie,
Jockie was lo'ed, but Sandy unlucky;
Jockie was laird baith o' hills and o' valleys,
Sandy was nocht but the king o' gude fellows.

Jockie lo'ed Madgie, for Madgie had money,
And Sandy lo'ed Mary, for Mary was bonnie;
Ane wedded for love, ane wedded for treasure,
So Jockie had siller, and Sandy had pleasure.

Whence these old verses I know not, but, they are so wise and clever, it were a pity to let them drop out of knowledge.

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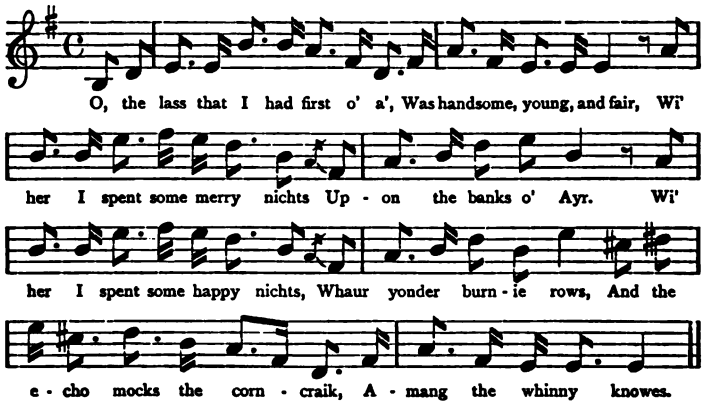
## THE CORNCRAIK AMANG THE WHINNY KNOWES.



O, THE lass that I had first o' a'
  Was handsome, young an' fair,
Wi' her I spent some merry nichts
  Upon the banks o' Ayr.
Wi' her I spent some happy nichts,
  Whaur yonder burnie rows,
And the echo mocks the corncraik,
  Amang the whinny knowes.

We lo'ed each other dearly,
  Disputes we never had!—
As constant as the pendulum,
  Her heart-beat always gaed.
We sought for joy an' found it,
  Whaur yonder burnie rows,
And the echo mocks the corncraik,
  Amang the whinny knowes.

Oh, maidens fair, and pleasure's dames,
  Drive to the banks o' Doon—
You'll dearly pay your every cent
  To barbers for perfume.
But rural joy is free to a',
  Whaur scented clover grows,
And the echo mocks the corncraik,
  Amang the whinny knowes.

O, the corncraik is noo awa',
  The burn is to the brim;
The whinny knowes are clad wi' snaw
  That taps the highest whin.

But when cauld winter is awa',
And summer clears the sky,
We'll welcome back the corncraik,
The bird o' rural joy.

This is the first and only occasion, I think, in which the Corncraik—beautifully feathered, but most unmelodious of birds—has been mixed up in a love song; and the performance, even if it possessed less literary merit—and it has little to boast of—is worth preserving on that account. It is quite evidently a modern effusion, and the author may be living. I have met with it in various cheap song-sheets, but nowhere with any name attached. Presumably an Ayrshire ditty, it has yet been sung over the wider area of Scotland. The air, a genuine country one, and attached to other songs, is supplied by Mr. Walter Deans, Glasgow.

## THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

THERE was a wife wonn'd in a glen,
And she had dochters nine or ten,
That sought the house baith butt and ben
To find their mam a snishing.

The auld wife ayont the fire,
The auld wife aneist the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She dee'd for lack o' snishing.

Her mill into some hole had fa'n,
"What recks," quo' she, "let it be gaun,
For I maun ha'e a young gudeman,
Shall furnish me wi' snishing."

The auld wife, etc.

Her eldest dochter said richt bauld,
"Fie, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
And if you wi' a younker wald,
He'll waste awa' your snishing."
The auld wife, etc.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
"O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
Besides half blind, ye ha'e the gout,
Your mill can haud nae snishing."
The auld wife, etc.

"Ye lee, ye limmers," cries auld mump,
"For I ha'e baith a tooth and stump,
And will nae langer live in dump,
By wanting o' my snishing."
The auld wife, etc.

"Thole ye," says Peg, the pawky slut,
"Mother, if ye can crack a nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That ye shall ha'e a snishing."
The auld wife, etc.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a pistol-bullet gat:
She powerfully began to crack,
To win hersel' a snishing.
The auld wife, etc.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row't,
While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,
And aye she curst poor stumpy.

The auld wife, etc.

At last she ga'e a desperate squeeze,
Which brak' the lang tooth by the neeze,
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes o' snishing.

The auld wife, etc.

She of the task began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And dee'd for lack o' snishing.

The auld wife, etc.

Ye auld wives, notice weel this truth,
As soon as ye're past mark o' mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thochts o' snishing.

Else, like this wife ayont the fire,
Your bairns against you will conspire;
Nor will you get, unless you hire,
A young man wi' your snishing.

The air of the above forms one of the best known Strathspey tunes extant. Ramsay marks it in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, as an old song with additions. It is worth preserving, as some one has said, were it but for the sake of the moral embraced in the last stanza.

## THE DRUCKEN WIFE O' GALLOWA'.

Down in yon meadow a couple did tarry;
The gudewife she drank naething but sack and canary;
The gudeman complained to her friends richt sairly,
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

First she drank Crummie and syne she drank Gairie,
And syne she drank my bonnie, grey marie,
That carried me through a' the dubs and the glairie—
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,
And syne she drank her bonnie new goun;
She drank her sark that covered her rarely—
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

Wad she drink but her ain things I wadna care,
But she drinks my claes that I canna weel spare;
When I'm wi' my gossips it angers me sairly—
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

My Sunday's coat she's laid it in wad,
And the best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;
At kirk and at market I'm covered but barely—
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

My bonnie white mittens I wore on my hands
Wi' her ain neibour wife she laid them in pawns,
Wi' my bane-headed staff that I lo'ed so dearly—
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

I never was given to wranglin' or strife,
Nor e'er did deny her the comforts of life;
Ere it comes to a war I am aye for a parley—
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

If there's ony siller, she maun keep the purse,
If I seek but a bawbee she'll scold and she'll curse;
She lives like a queen—I but scrimpit and sparely,
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

A pint wi' the cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down, oh, the jaud she gets fou',
And when she is fou' she is unco camstairie,
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

She rins out to the causey, she raves and she rants,
Has nae dread o' her neibours, nor minds the house wants;
She rants some fule-sang like "Up your heart, Charlie,"
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

When she comes hame she lays on the lads,
The lasses she ca's baith taupies and jauds,
And ca's mysel' even an auld cuckold-carlie,
Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

This song, so far as has been ascertained, was first printed in Yair's *Charmer*, a collection of songs published at Edinburgh in 1751. The author's name has not survived; though Mr. Stenhouse says the late Mrs. Brown of Newbattle had

heard the author sing the verses when residing with her friend, Captain Mason, of Eaglesham, in Renfrewshire. His name she had either not heard, or it had escaped her memory. Unhappily, there are in the present day, wives not a few as wanting in womanly virtue and decorum as the "Drucken Wife o' Gallowa'," and who daily have recourse to as mean methods of "raising the wind." The modern "ongauns," are happily, however, not made the subject of acceptable poetry. Neither, perhaps, would the ancient effusion have stood the test of time but for the fact that it as much exposes the husband's weakness as the wife's depravity. The husband is much too easily pleased, and this is the lesson of the song. His regret is not that his wife drinks, but because she does not drink "hooly and fairly." Had she confined herself to parting only with "her ain things," for the sack and canary which she daily quaffed, he would, apparently, never have uttered a syllable of complaint. It may be true that "they can a' rule an ill wife but him that has ane," yet, the difficulty of accomplishing the task did not rid the husband here of his obligation to try it; and had he awarded his spouse the wholesome chastisement that was meted out to the "wife," who was "a wanton wee thing," the result might have been equally gratifying. This other virago "sold her coat, and drank it," and refusing to be guided by her liege-lord, he

> —"took a rung and he clawed her,
> And a braw, gude bairn was she."

It is not unworthy of notice that the two last verses supplied Scott with the humour of a scene in *Waverley*, where the smith's wife, a tippler and a Jacobite, creates the riot which ends in the arrest of the hero.

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## THE GHAIST O' FERNE-DEN.

THERE lived a farmer in the North
  I canna tell you when,
But just he had a famous farm
  Nae far frae Ferne-den.
I doubtna, sirs, ye a' ha'e heard,
  Baith women-folks an' men,
About a muckle, fearfu' Ghaist—
  The Ghaist o' Ferne-den!

The muckle Ghaist, the fearfu' Ghaist,
The Ghaist o' Ferne-den;
He wad ha'e wrought as muckle wark
As four-an'-twenty men!

Gin there was ony strae to thrash,
Or ony byres to clean,
He never thocht it muckle fash
O' workin' late at e'en!
Although the nicht was ne'er sae dark,
He scuddit through the glen,
An' ran an errand in a crack—
The Ghaist o' Ferne-den!

A'e nicht the mistress o' the house
Fell sick an' like to dee—
"O! for a canny wily wife!"
Wi' micht an' main cried she.
The nicht was dark, an' no' a spark
Wad venture through the glen,
For fear that they would meet the Ghaist—
The Ghaist o' Ferne-den!

But Ghaistie stood ahint the door,
An' hearin' a' the strife,
He saw though they had men a score,
They soon wad tyne the wife!
Aff to the stable then he goes,
An' saddles the auld mare,
An' through the splash an' slush he ran
As fast as ony hare!

He chappit at the Mammy's door—
  Says he—"Mak' haste an' rise;
Put on your claes an' come wi' me,
  An' tak' ye nae surprise!"
"Where am I gaun?" quo' the mid-wife,
  "Nae far, but through the glen—
Ye're wantit to a farmer's wife,
  No' far frae Ferne-den."

He's ta'en the Mammy by the hand,
  An' set her on the pad,
Got on afore her an' set aff
  As though they baith were mad!
They climb'd the braes—they lap the burns—
  An' through the glush did plash:
They never minded stock nor stane,
  Nor ony kind o' trash!

As they were near their journey's end,
  An' scuddin' through the glen:
"Oh!" says the Mammy to the Ghaist,
  "Are we come near the Den?
For, oh! I'm fear'd we meet the Ghaist!"
  "Tush, weesht, ye fool!" quo' he;
"For waur than ye ha'e i' your arms,
  This nicht ye winna see!"

When they cam' to the farmer's door
  He set the Mammy doon:—
"I've left the house but a'e half-hour—
  I am a clever loon!

But step ye in an' mind the wife,
An' see that a' gae richt,
An' I will tak' ye hame again
At twal' o' clock at nicht!"

"What mak's yer feet sae braid?" quo' she,
"What mak's yer e'en sae sair?"
Said he—"I've wander'd mony a road
Without a horse or mare!
But gin they speir, wha brought you here?
'Cause they were scarce o' men;
Just tell them that ye rade ahint
The Ghaist o' Ferne-den."

Suggestive of "The Brownie of Blednoch," though no copy of that excellent ballad, the above is embraced in *The Land of the Lindsays*, the author of which, Mr. Andrew Jervise, in a note explains that he received it from the Rev. Mr. Harris of Fern, who had it from the Rev. Dr. Lyon of Glamis, about 1812 or 1813. In the collected works of Alexander Laing, the Brechin poet, a ballad with the same story is presented, under the title of "The Brownie of Fearnden."

## JOHNNIE, MY MAN.

"O, Johnnie, my man, do ye no think on risin'?
The day is far spent and the nicht's comin' on;
Ye're siller's near dune, and the stoup's toom before ye;
O, rise up, my Johnnie, and come awa' hame."

"O, wha is it that I hear speaking sae kindly?
I think it's the voice o' my ain wifie Jean;
Come in by, my dearie, and sit down beside me,
It's time enough yet to be gaun awa' hame."

"O, Johnnie, my man, when we first fell a-courting,
We had naething but love then to trouble our mind;
We spent a' our time 'mang the sweet scented roses,
And I ne'er thocht it lang then to gang awa' hame."

"I remember richt weel, Jean, the time that ye speak o',
And weel I remember the sweet flowery glen;
But thae days are a' past, and will never return, love,
Sae sit down beside me, nor think o' gaun hame."

"O, Johnnie, my man, our bairns are a' greetin',
Nae meal in the barrel to fill their wee wames;
While sittin' here drinking, ye leave me lamentin';
O, rise up, my Johnnie, and come awa' hame."

Then Johnnie he rase, and he bang'd the door open,
Saying, "Curs'd be the tavern that ere let me in;
And curs'd be the whisky that's made me sae frisky;
O fare-ye-weel whisky, for I'll awa' hame.

"And Jeannie, my dear, your advice will be taken,
I'll leave aff the auld deeds and follow thee hame;
Live sober and wisely, and aye be respected;
Nae mair in the ale-house I'll sit, but at hame."

Noo Johnnie gaes out ilka fine summer even,
Wi' his wife and his bairns fu' trig and fu' bein,
Though a wee while sin' syne, in rags they were rinnin',
While Johnnie sat fou' in the ale-house at e'en.

Contented and crouse he sits by his ain fireside,
And Jeannie, a happier wife there is nane;
Nae mair to the tavern at nicht does he wander,
But's happy wi' Jean and his bairnies at hame.

Forty and more years ago, this was a common street song in various parts of Scotland, and found ready sale always in penny-sheet form, chiefly among those who required most its pointed moral lesson.

## THE SPINNING WHEEL.

As Jean sat at her spinning wheel,
A bonnie laddie he passed by;
She turned her round and view'd him weel,
For oh, he had a glancing eye;
She turned her round and viewed him weel,
But aye she turned her spinning wheel.

Her snaw-white hands she did extol,
He praised her fingers long and small;
He said there was nae lady fair
That e'er wi' her he could compare;
His words into her heart did steal,
But aye she turned her spinning wheel.

He said, "Lay by your rock, your reel,
Your windings, and your spinning wheel;"
He bade her lay them a' aside,
And come and be his bonnie bride.
And oh, she liked his words sae weel,
She laid aside her spinning wheel.

The original of this appears in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, where it extends to seven verses, some of which are rather free for presentation in these more scrupulous times. As we have it here, however, in spotless garb, it has been widely sung of late, as it so well deserves. It is a pleasing song, and has a pretty melody, which I am glad to observe is embraced in the *Lyric Gems of Scotland*, and also in the *National Choir*, edited by Mr. Alan Reid.

## DONALD AND HIS LOWLAND BRIDE.

"Lowland lassie, will you go,
Where the hills are clad wi' snow;
Where, beneath the icy steep
The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
Ill nor woe shall thee betide,
When row'd within my Highland plaid.

"Soon the voice of cheery spring,
Will gar a' our plantin's ring;
Soon our bonnie heather braes
Will put on their summer claes;
On the mountains sunny side
We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

"When the summer spreads the flowers,
Busks the glens in leafy bowers,
Then we'll seek the cauler shade,
Lean us on the primrose bed,
While the burning hours preside,
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

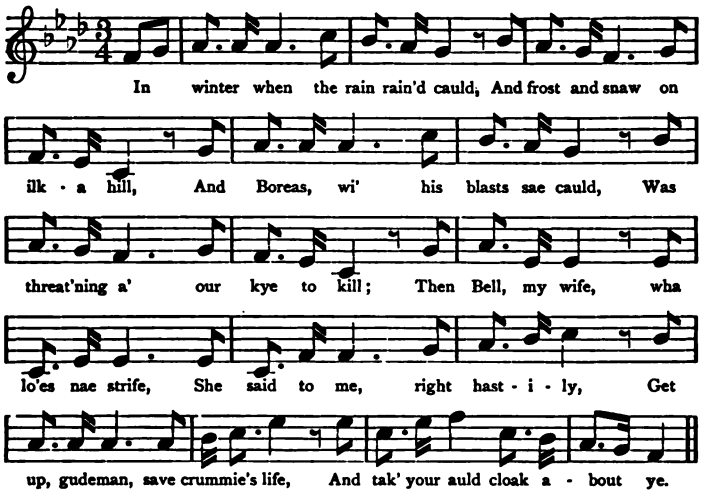
"There we'll leave the sheep and goat,
I will launch the bonnie boat,
Skim the loch in cantie glee,
Rest the oars to pleasure thee;
When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

"Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
Woo in words mair saft than mine;
Lowland lads ha'e mair o' art,
A' my boast's an honest heart.
It sall ever be my pride,
To row thee in my Highland plaid."

"Bonnie lad, ye've been sae leal,
My heart wad break at our fareweel;
Lang your love has made me fain,
Tak' me—tak' me for your ain!"
Across the firth—away they glide,
Donald and his Lowland bride.

From a chapbook, "printed and sold, wholesale and retail, by W. Macnee bookseller, Stirling," undated, but issued presumably about 1825. None of the larger collections embrace a copy, but I recall it as a song common in the country districts of Perthshire forty years ago.

## TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.




In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill;
And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill.
Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
She said to me right hastily,
"Get up, gudeman, save crummie's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

"My crummie is a usefu' cow,
An' she has come o' a gude kin',
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',
And I am laith that she should tyne.

Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its scantly worth a groat,
For I ha'e worn't this thretty year.
Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
We little ken the day we'll dee;
Then I'll be proud, sin' I ha'e sworn
To ha'e a new cloak about me."

"In days when gude King Robert rang,
He's trews they cost but half-a-croun;
He said they were a groat ower dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loon.
He was the king that wore the croun,
And thou'rt a man of laich degree;
It's pride puts a' the country doun,
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"Ilka land has its ain laich,
Ilk' kind o' corn has its ain hool;
I think the warld is a' gane wrang,
When ilka wife her man maun rule.
Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
How they are girded gallantlie;
While I sit hurklin' i' the ase?
I'll ha'e a new cloak about me!"

"Gudeman, I wat it's thretty year
Sin' we did ane anither ken;
An' we ha'e had atween us twa
Of lads and bonnie lasses ten;
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray weel may they be;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye."

Bell, my wife, she loes nae strife,
But she would guide me if she can;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.
Nocht's to be won at woman's han',
Unless you gie her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

This, though still fairly popular, is one of the oldest songs extant. It first appeared in print in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, published in 1724. It is, however, much older. In fact, there is reason to suppose that it was fairly popular even in the days of Shakespeare; as in the tragedy of *Othello*, in the drinking scene, Act II., Iago sings:—

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor loun;
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree;
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee."

The only difference between this and the fourth verse of the song is the mere substitution of King Stephen with King Robert, and the reason of the change is apparent. Bishop Percy, in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, gives an English version of the song, but admits that it is originally Scotch. The air, which suits the verses admirably, was considered by Mr. Stenhouse as most probably coeval with them.

## A COGIE O' YILL.

A cogie o' yill, and a pickle ait meal,
And a dainty wee drappie o' whisky,
Was our forefathers' dose, to sweel down their brose
And keep them aye cheerie and frisky.

Then hey for the whisky, and hey for the meal,
And hey for the cogie, and hey for the yill;
Gin ye steer a' thegither, they'll do unco weel
To haud the heart cheerie and brisk aye.

When I see our Scots lads, wi' their kilts and cockauds,
That sae aften ha'e lounder'd our foes, man,
I think to mysel' on the meal and the yill,
And the fruits o' our Scottish kail brose, man.

Then hey for the whisky, etc.

When our brave Hieland blades, wi' their claymores and plaids,
In the field drive like sheep on our foes, man;
Their courage and power, spring frae this to be sure—
They're the noble effects o' the brose, man.

Then hey for the whisky, etc.

But your spindle-skank'd sparks, wha sae ill fill their sarks,
Your pale-visaged milksops and beaux, man;
I think when I see them 'twere kindness to gi'e them
A cogie o' yill, or o' brose, man.

Then hey for the whisky, etc.

What John Bull despises our better sense prizes,
He denies eatin' blanter ava, man;
Tho' by eatin' o' blanter, his mare's grown I'll w'rant her,
The nobler brute o' the twa, man.

Then hey for the whisky, etc.

The Scots are generally esteemed a hardy race, and not without reason, but a mixture such as the chorus of this ditty proposes to "haud them cheerie and brisk aye," would, I am afraid, "make the boldest hold their breath for a time." Sandy enjoys his dram on all proper occasions; he discards not at any time his "cogie o' yill, and a pickle ait meal;" but steered a' thegither—never! He would die first. The author of the song, Andrew Sherriffs, "a little decrepid body, with some abilities," as Burns describes him, was at one time editor of the *Aberdeen Chronicle*, and author of a Scottish pastoral entitled *Jamie and Bess*, printed first at Aberdeen, in 1787, and afterwards at Edinburgh, in 1790.

## THE REFORMER.

AIR—"*Merrily Danced the Quaker.*"

OH! weary fa' Reform an' Whigs!
That ever they were invented!
An' wae's me for my auld gudeman,
He's fairly gane demented;
He grunts an' growls frae morn to nicht
About pensions an' taxation;
He's ruined wi' meetin's got up for the gude
O' the workin' population.

The fient a turn o' wark he'll do
To save us frae starvation;
He leaves his horse to sort the coo,
For he maun sort the nation.